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Robert Gray 1785 1840
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Dedicated to James Curran

THE OUTLAW;

A DRAMA

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY ROBERT STORY.

LONDON:

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO.

MDCCCXXXIX.

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Printed by J. TASKER, Bookseller, &c., Skipton.

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5499  
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## DEDICATION.

~~~~~  
TO THE MISS CURRER,
OF ESHTON-HALL,
YORKSHIRE.
~~~~~

MADAM,

THE scene of the following attempt is laid in CRAVEN, and the period to which it refers is the year 1518. Though it bears the form and the name of a Drama, I presume not to think that it will suit the theatre—having had no

opportunities of studying stage-effect, upon which, I am told, almost every thing in the acted drama depends. My utmost expectation will be realised, if, in these pages, I have produced a series of connected scenes, capable of giving pleasure in the closet,—by their liveliness of dialogue, by their developement of character, and by their pictures of landscape and manners.

Humble as this hope may appear to some, I submit my present effort to the public with unaffected diffidence. An adventure in a walk of literature hitherto untried by me, and very different, too,

from that in which I have been cheered by some public favour,—I have misgivings as to its reception which it were vain to disguise. But whatever may be its ultimate doom, it goes forth to the world under one advantage, with one charm, which—in the circle (not a small one) pervaded by your gentle and kindly influence—will secure for it at least a fair hearing,—the charm, Madam, of YOUR NAME, the advantage of YOUR PROTECTION.

That you may long live to dispense happiness, and to feel it in return,—to foster genius, to encourage literature, and to feed the poor,—to maintain, in a

word, the high character which, several years ago, I did not invent *for* but copy *from* you—the character of a Lady who,

——“Where’er her name is known,

Makes every blessing, every prayer her own,”

is the sincere wish of,

Madam,

Your obedient

and obliged Servant,

ROBERT STORY.

*Gargrave,*

*Craven,*

*Yorkshire,*

*April, 1839.*

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

---

LORD CLIFFORD.

THE PRIOR OF BOLTON ABBEY.

HENRY, *the Outlaw.*

NORTON, *his secret enemy.*

|          |   |                             |
|----------|---|-----------------------------|
| D'ESTON, | } | <i>Gentlemen of Craven.</i> |
| FARRAND, |   |                             |

HARMAN TRUEMAN, *Keeper of a Hostelry.*

CUTHBERT ASHTON, *Ranger to LORD CLIFFORD.*

OUTLAWS AND RANGERS.

THE EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

|            |   |                 |
|------------|---|-----------------|
| FENWICK,   | } | <i>Lords.</i>   |
| GREY,      |   |                 |
| SWINBURNE, | } | <i>Knights.</i> |
| ORDE,      |   |                 |
| LILBURN,   |   |                 |
| RIDLEY,    |   |                 |

RODDAM, *a young gentleman, page to EARL PERCY.*

ATTENDANTS.

LADY MARGARET PERCY.

LADY EMMA FENWICK.

CATHLEEN, *a young gentlewoman, their Attendant.*

FANNY ASHTON.

WIFE OF CUTHBERT.

## T I M E .

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THE transactions of the first four Acts occupy two days. An equal period is supposed to elapse between the fourth and the fifth. The events of the last Act take place, therefore, on the fifth day.

# THE OUTLAW.

---

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

*Subterranean apartment in the Hostelry or Inn at Kilnsey. At a rude table, garnished with drinking-vessels, sit a company of men in jerkins and armed.*

HENRY (*sings*).

MINE Host of Kilnsey keeps good ale,  
But then 'tis charged a plack the pot ;  
The Skipton Brewers seldom fail,  
But then, the churls, they *give* it not.  
The knaves may keep their cellars shut—  
A holier gust is yours and mine :  
We liberals like a liberal butt,  
The butt that holds the Abbot's wine.

*Chorus.*—The knaves may, &c.  
The monks of Sawley love good cheer,  
But love to keep it to themselves ;

At Malham there is foaming beer,  
But few to drink it save the elves,  
And these prefer the gelid wave  
That from the Fall leads out its line;  
But when we sit in Gennet's cave,  
Our choice is still the Abbot's wine.

*Chorus.*—And these prefer, &c.

King Harry is a monarch bold,  
But here his power is little felt;  
We rule as Kings of wood and wold,  
Our bright Toledo's at our belt.  
We keep our fair dominions thus—

[*Drawing his Sword.*

Nor envy him his right divine;  
We make the Church pay tithe to us,  
And merrily quaff the Abbot's wine!

*Chorus.*—We keep our fair dominions thus, &c.

[*All draw.*

HENRY.

A truce to song. My voice is out of tune.—  
They do us wrong, my Brothers of the night  
And of the forest, blithe and brave as e'er  
Sung catch or shot a deer in merry Sherwood;

When Robin Hood was the bold monarch there—

They do us utter wrong who style us Outlaws.

• 'Tis true we love the greenwood, press for couch

The mountain heather—strewed upon the floor

Of some rock-vaulted cavern—and 'tis true,

When whim commands, our arrows mark the deer,

Marked fondly by Lord Clifford as his own.

'Tis also true, that when to dine we sit

Beneath the spreading oak, if thirst awake,

We slake it with a draught of noble vintage,

Cooled in some vaults we wot of. But it is

Most incorrect to call us, therefore, Outlaws.

We live as men o'th' world, who clothe themselves

By fleecing well their neighbours; only we,

Too honourable to imitate their meanness,

Take that by *force* which they obtain by *fraud*.

[*The door flies open.*]

To arms! there is intrusion—

[*Enter the Host.*]

Kindly meant, though,

And therefore welcome. 'Tis our ancient Host,

Good HARMAN TRUEMAN. Wherefore, worthy friend,

This visit at so late an hour? It must

Be near the time when sky-larks stir their wings  
'To quit the dewy mead-flowers. But I judge  
Thy guests so long have revelled, they have left  
But empty casks at Kilnsey; and thou com'st,  
Most wisely com'st, to quaff with us of FOUNTAINS.  
Quaff then, and tell us—if the truth wont choke thee—  
How far the Abbot's wine exceeds thine own.  
*One* fault it has; but that is found, good Trueman,  
Neither in taste nor hue, and SAWLEY's vaults  
Shall furnish the corrective.

HOST.

Noble souls!

The Abbot's vintage is indeed delicious.  
But much I fear the end of this wild course,  
Which gives you thus to drink the wine of Abbots,  
Is hurrying on; and that these eyes must soon  
Rain tears as copiously as April skies,  
To see you caper, every breeze's pastime,  
'Twixt heaven and earth, or mark your grinning heads  
Blacken on Skipton's gate-way.

HENRY.

Kind old man,  
I well believe that thou wilt weep for us.

But drink again! 'Twill greatly help the flow  
Of tears whose fount hath long been frozen up,  
And every drop, when thus distilled from wine,  
Will be more worthy of the friends it falls for.

HOST.

Well, well, ye heed me not. And since it is so,  
Since moral precepts and advices sage  
Glance from your bosoms, as the pointed steel  
From warrior's breast-plate, I must tell my tidings;  
And mark me, tidings that involve a project,  
Which, deftly managed, will insure you sport  
Richer than frightening monk, or robbing convent.

OMNES.

Name it!

HOST.

Perchance ye know my roof to-night  
Is honoured by two ladies. Passing fair  
Are both; but *one*—by good St. George of Kilnsey!  
My Father's saint and mine—that one's an Angel!  
When Margery was young, she rolled, methought,  
As fine an eye as ever beamed through lash;  
But with this stranger's matched, 'twere as that taper  
Against the star of evening!

HENRY.

Fair indeed

Must be the maid thou talk'st of, since her charms  
Have kindled in thy cranium—where till now  
Idea ne'er was bred that deeper reached  
Than spirit-vault, or higher rose than board  
At which thy toppers congregate—a flash  
So very bright that it might half illumine  
A Poetaster's page!—But for the project,  
What wouldst advise?

HOST.

Catch Yorkshire, friend? Not so.

What if I said this falcon, come to flaunt  
In CRAVEN skies, might well repay the lure?  
That every feather of her wing outweighs  
A good King Harry's broad-piece? My description  
Might lead you into guilt, and Trueman's conscience,  
Light as a child's, might with a load be burthened,  
That it were best ye share among yourselves.  
No, no! I'm but a Guide-post—standing so—

[*Extends his arm.*]

To point the way that leads you on to fortune,

Or seems to lead ; but into that same way  
I force no man to enter.

HENRY.

Honest Harman,

I own thy prudence and morality.  
But say, what is the service to be done,  
And who the nymph that asks it ?

HOST.

Why, the service

Is but to lead the Northern Cavalcade  
Through this wild land of ours, to SAWLEY ABBEY ;  
And the fair nymph that asks it, is the same  
I just described you.

HENRY.

And her name, dull proser ?

HOST.

THE LADY MARGARET PERCY.

[HENRY starts up, and strides through the apartment  
in a state of great mental excitement. He then  
gives the HOST a sign to withdraw, which is obeyed  
with marks of deference and humility.]

HENRY.

Here ends the Outlaw !

FIRST OUTLAW.

For a play so good  
It ends too soon.

HENRY.

Farce, friend, a wretched farce,  
In which I've played the part of chief buffoon,  
But shall no more. A nobler stage awaits me,  
A nobler part demands my energies.  
NORTON, a word with you.

[*Exeunt HENRY and NORTON, and re-enter*

HOST *speaking.*

HOST.

By good St. George!  
Why, what's up now? I met the Chief and Norton,  
Who pass'd me like the wind; and, sooth to say,  
Have almost taken mine in that strait passage!

FIRST OUTLAW.

That speed, my friend, bodes no good speed to thee.

HOST.

What! How! Hath there been treachery?

FIRST OUTLAW.

Calm thy fears.

The Chief hath turned devout, that's all, and means

To join his monkish sire in chanting hymns,  
And calculating horoscopes.

HOST.

'Tis time  
So wild a colt should own the curb, and learn  
To go in harness.

FIRST OUTLAW.

Dost thou take it so ?  
When it is sure as Kilnsey Crag itself,  
That thou mayst whistle for thy gains.

HOST.

Well be't so ;  
Old Trueman hath enough of wealth.

SECOND OUTLAW.

Come, come ;  
Pretend not this indifference, but confess  
Thou lik'st the chink of gold, wouldst rather hear  
The music of a thousand good broad-pieces  
Jingling at once, than that of Sunday bells  
Chiming to chapel.

HOST.

Why, for that, they both  
Are too familiar to afford a joy

Superlative from either—thank the saint!  
But, to say truth, my pleasure is not in  
A rush or sudden overflux of fortune,  
Which might deprive me of my footing, and  
Take sense away i'th' current.

## FIRST OUTLAW.

Thou dost like  
To see it come in gentle rill, as streams  
The wine from out the cask.

## HOST.

Precisely so ;  
And thou hast pilfered my comparison.  
—The heir of others' wealth knows not the joy,  
The honest joy of him who makes his own.  
To start in life with little ; with keen eye  
And ready hand, to watch and seize the first  
Advantage-step in Fortune's upward ladder ;  
To lay the future pyramid's broad base  
With piece on piece, as day succeeds to day ;  
To see it rise and rise, and yet to know  
There is not in the growing heap a coin  
But was placed there by labour or by thought,  
The hand's work or the head's ;—this, this is pleasure !

FIRST OUTLAW.

I thank thee, Harman, for that homily,  
Learned at the tap—it could be learned but there—  
Where each day hoards its little mite of gain.

SECOND OUTLAW.

A mite would buy the Widow's ten times doubled,  
Or else good water's costly.

THIRD OUTLAW.

That remark,  
Old Harman, is too bad. He means to say  
The WHARF hath some acquaintance with thy wine.

HOST.

The river, like his wit, is far beneath  
The level of my cellar.

OMNES (*laughing*).

Well said, Trueman.

SECOND OUTLAW.

But water may be *carried*, good mine Host?

HOST.

And your wit cannot.

FIRST OUTLAW.

Why? Is it so heavy?

HOST.

No; 'tis too light—'tis nought, which he who winnows  
Will not have even chaff for his reward.

SECOND OUTLAW.

Thou'rt sharp, sir. But the Crag hath nearer springs,  
And cooler than the river.

HOST.

I know brains  
To which the springs of Kilnsey, if applied,  
With a slight tinge of Rhenish, might be useful,  
So useful as to give the name of virtue  
To the considerate knavery that bilked them.

*[A general laugh.]*

But when I showed  
The joy of saving cash, I meant not that  
Of him who hoards it for its own vile sake.  
I meant the pleasure of a man who cares  
As little for the dross which men call gold  
As any one that hears me; but who loves  
The independence and the power it gives,  
And, for their sakes, would strain each nerve to gain it  
By fair and honest means.

FIRST OUTLAW.

Dost glance at us  
In these sagacious saws?

HOST.

I glance at ye!  
Rest every cask on its own end, say I.  
To him that stands on Whernside-top, our Crag  
Appears a mole-hill; so what I might deem  
A crime, or fault, to your exalted eyes  
May seem a frolic.

THIRD OUTLAW.

*[Throwing a piece of Money on the Table.]*

Canst thou, in consistence  
With thy new-found morality, take that,  
And bring us its equivalent in wine?

HOST.

Most surely, Sir! with pleasure.

THIRD OUTLAW.

What, although  
'Twas taken from a Bishop, honest Trueman?

HOST.

If thou hadst said 'twas taken from the Devil,

'Twere nought to me. Thou shalt have beverage  
Fit for a King—imported from the Rhine.

SECOND OUTLAW.

And innocent of Wharf?

FIRST OUTLAW.

Come, come; we joke  
The honest man too far. Away, and put  
That piece upon the pyramid.

HOST (*going out*).

I will.

But not while *thou* art here. [*Aside and exit.*]

FIRST OUTLAW.

Shrewd knave!

The very pink of publicans, whose rule  
Is, ne'er to contradict a guest's opinion  
That bears a goodly purse.

SECOND OUTLAW.

Enough of him.

What of our Leader? Will he quit the pack?  
Or hunt with us as erst? His opening note  
Gives token that the scent lies strong.

FIRST OUTLAW.

Nor, doubtless,

Is the fair Hind unworthy of the chase;  
And we will drink success to him.—Host! Host!

[*Calling.*

HOST (*entering*).

Coming, ye madcaps! coming. 'There—

[*Setting the Wine on the Table.*

FIRST OUTLAW.

Fill round.—

Now—standing—drain a bumper; then to cover:  
“Soon may the noble Doe from northern woods  
Be captive in his toils!”

[*All drink and a general huzza follows.*

Kind Host, adieu.

Broad be the basis of thy pyramid,  
And may its height match Whernside!

HOST.

Thanks! [*Exeunt Outlaws.*

God mend them!

Yet if he did, it would not mend my profits.  
O self—self—self!—How virtuous one might be,  
If it cost nought to be so!

## SCENE II.

*Kilnsey Crag. HENRY and NORTON discovered at the base of it.*

HENRY.

O! to have seen her, Norton, in these arms,  
Pale as a lily—pale as if the death  
These arms had saved her from, had found her there!  
Then to have watched returning colour faintly  
Shine through the white—as dawn's red clouds through  
mist!—

And O! returning light to that fair eye  
Which opened on me like the star of Morning—  
Heavens! 'twas a moment and a rapture, worth  
All the best hours and feelings of my life!

NORTON.

A tender moment, and a fortunate  
For a disclosure of your name and love,  
By which, of course, you profited.

HENRY.

It seems  
Indeed, a time most opportune; but, Norton,

We are made up of inconsistencies.  
I hardly know, e'en yet, why I let 'scape  
That golden moment. Something I had learned  
Of visit to these wilds; and it might be  
That my romantic fancy nursed some scheme  
Of gay adventure—some surprise—when She  
Should grace my native scenes.

NORTON.

But your return  
To the wild band of old associates,  
And leading them in wrong, or in excess,  
Seems a strange burying of new hopes.

HENRY.

It may.  
Yet think of habit, Norton. And besides,  
Perchance I thought my band of gallant Outlaws  
Might be of use to aid whatever plan  
Should catch my wayward humour.

NORTON.

And they will;  
Depend upon their faith, and zeal to serve you.

HENRY.

You touch the very point on which I want

Your best co-operation. As I told you,  
This Outlaw farce must terminate. Myself  
Will counsel D'Eston, Farrand, and the rest.  
*Your* word will weigh with the inferior names,  
And eke with those brave peasants, whom our leading  
Hath somewhat injured. Go, my friend; share this  
[*Gives him a Purse.*

Among my humble followers, and assure them  
That if they now abandon this wild life,  
And settle down to honest villagers,  
That small donation of their grateful Chief  
Shall often be repeated. Act with firmness.  
My order, tell them, is imperative.  
That they must understand; yet mildly say it,  
Nor wound a single feeling.—Pardon me  
A caution which I feel your prudence needs not.  
Farewell a while. Remember. [Exit HENRY.

NORTON (*solus*).

Yes—I swear it!

Bear witness, ye pale stars, I will remember!  
If thou and thine had covered me with favours;  
If my House—which is ancient as thine own—  
Had been distinguished by the courtesies

Lavished on richer, not on better men ;  
I might have been forgetful—like the world.  
If thou and thine had ne'er o'ershadowed me,  
As the proud oak the shrub ; if thou—ay, thou—  
Hadst never crossed my path, nor dashed my hopes,  
E'en where my dearest feelings were concerned ;  
I might have been forgetful. But deep wrongs,  
And slights that cut like wrongs, and—worse than all—  
'That show of kindness to disguise a heart  
Of haughtiness and pride, *demand* remembrance !  
To benefits the memory is a sieve,  
Which injuries will not pass through. Be it so.  
Mine shall be treasured *here*—until avenged ! [ *Exit.*

## SCENE III.

*Kilnsey Crag as before, but brightened by the advancing morn. CATHLEEN discovered near the base. To her enter RODDAM.*

RODDAM.

Sweet dawn and sweet Cathleen, met in a place  
Both wild and sweet!

Why, *you* at least, Cathleen,  
Have entered early on the pleasant trifling,  
That brings your Lady to the emerald dales  
And craggy hills of Craven. [*Contemplates the Crag.*

Well, this rock,  
Which hangs its rugged, high, and beetling mass,  
As if a touch might hurl it to the plain,  
Is worthy the attention it arrests.  
So, doubtless, thinks Cathleen?

CATHLEEN.

In sooth, fair sir,  
Cathleen had other musings.

RODDAM.

O, no doubt;

Such as young maidens will have, who have faith  
In their own loveliness.

CATHLEEN.

Nay, Roddam, hear :

I had a dream last night.

RODDAM.

I guess, so, sweet.

You dreamt last night, and you are dreaming now,  
As soldiers dream—of blood—(*she starts*) I only mean  
Of bleeding hearts, and conquests. In your vision,  
How many Knights of Craven, fair Cathleen,  
Bound in the magic circle of your gaze,  
Paid their devoirs.

CATHLEEN.

Not quite a hundred, sir.

RODDAM.

Ha, well ; but fifty ?—twenty ?—ten or five ?

CATHLEEN.

Nay, more than five or ten. I think a score.

RODDAM.

By Venus, a fair number to select from !

I hope the vision gave you time to choose ?

CATHLEEN.

It did, and I made choice.

RODDAM.

Now, kind Cathleen,  
You crucify me! Do not jest too far.  
You know my temper, and you know my heart.

CATHLEEN.

The one's like summer lightning, and the other  
Like winter snow.

RODDAM.

My heart's not cold, Cathleen.

CATHLEEN.

Indeed I would not have it so.

RODDAM.

You would not?

'Then are you kind as beautiful; and I  
Must thank you thus—(*Attempts to embrace her.*)

CATHLEEN.

Presume not so, bold sir.

This was not in my dream—which is a trifle  
Too light for Roddam's ear.

RODDAM.

By heaven, you wrong me!

When Cathleen speaks, the ear of Roddam finds  
No music in the tones of harp or lute !  
Forgive my levity. I long to hear  
The dream that to my Cathleen's beauty lends  
The charm of pensiveness.

CATHLEEN.

It seemed, at first,  
We still were on our journey from the North.  
The vales of Tyne, of Tees, and streamy Ure,  
I saw again, as in a picture. Then  
We reached a Dell which, ever as we went,  
Narrowed and deepened, and at last closed in  
Dark as a cavern. As we stood, methought,  
Flashed the red lightning. Peal on peal the roar  
Of thunder followed ; and it seemed the rocks,  
Piled o'er our heads, had each a separate echo,  
Wherewith to mock the elements !

RODDAM.

You woke

In horror at the tumult ?

CATHLEEN.

No ; my dream  
Was still prolonged, till deeper horror struck

The nerves of sleep. The noise of mortal conflict  
Followed the thunder's rattle Man met man—  
Though whence the foe, or why there *was* a foe,  
I knew not— and there rose the clash of arms;  
And dying groans and garments rolled in blood  
Attested well the havoc of the strife.

Anon, I found me in a circle grim  
Of savage figures, and with me enclosed  
The Lady Margaret and the Lady Emma,  
Who shrieked for rescue. To our rescue came  
Yourself, methought. One arm around me flung,  
The other wielding its red weapon,—you  
Had almost freed me from the ghastly ring,  
When some one came behind—O God!—and stabbed  
you!

I saw you die!

RODDAM.

And sweeter death, Cathleen  
I cannot die.

CATHLEEN.

I woke, and hastened forth,  
To try if the fresh dawn-breeze would blow off  
The vapour from my mind.

RODDAM.

And if it will not,  
Love, like the beam that gilds yon mountain mist,  
Shall shine it into beauty!

[*Sounds are heard.*

Hark! the Crag  
Mutters, as if a hundred hammers plied  
Their strokes within its bowels.

CATHLEEN (*looking out*).

It but echoes  
The trampling of our horsemen who, last night,  
Sought at a neighbouring town the rest and food  
This village had not. See, they gallop on,  
Half screened by yon tall elms. Their white plumes toss,  
And their arms glitter in the sun.—But who  
Rides at their head? the monkish dress he wears  
Contrasting oddly with the martial splendour  
Of the gay train behind him.

RODDAM.

Our new Guide;  
The same of whom the Host apprised Lord Fenwick.  
Cathleen, we must return—by separate routes;

And, kind Cathleen, remember that our parting  
Must not be *quite* an age. It must not, sweet.

CATHLEEN.

And you remember—to forget my dream!

[*Exit* CATHLEEN.]

RODDAM (*solus*).

There passed the Flower of Beaumont! destined soon  
To bloom, I trust, amid the bowers of RODDAM. [*Exit*.

#### SCENE IV.

*An open Country with Whernside and other hills in the distance. Enter HENRY on horseback in the disguise of a Monk (solus).*

HENRY.

The holy garb of monks full oft, 'tis said,  
Mantles Hypocrisy; and if so, I  
Not much shall desecrate these sacred robes  
By brief assumption. Admirably they  
Will aid my scheme. Under this peaceful frock  
May ambush warlike weapons, prompt for use  
If comes occasion; and this hood, close-drawn,  
Will shade the features which the Lady Margaret

Might recognise beneath a secular hat.

—Now, Fortune, smile ! and the fair maiden, wooed

By ALNWICK's princely turrets, shall be won

Amid the wilds of Craven. [Exit HENRY.

*[The Procession (consisting of Lords, Knights, &c. Billmen, Archers, &c. variously armed, and all on horseback) now appears, headed by the LADY MARGARET PERCY, the LADY EMMA FENWICK, and CATHLEEN. HENRY and RODDAM, meeting, come forward as if in conversation.*

HENRY.

The TWEED, you say ?

RODDAM.

Yes. Some good two hours' ride from Tweed, is placed  
The mansion of my fathers.

HENRY.

A fine stream

Old ballads say the 'Tweed is ; I suppose

A noble river.

RODDAM.

Why, 'tis somewhat broader

Than any mountain rivulet which here

Obtains the name.

HENRY.

You wear not yet the belt  
And spur of Knighthood ?

RODDAM.

For that fault thank Fate,  
That wrote me *Man* five years behind the time  
When arms might win them. Since the fight of

FLODDEN,

Our Scottish neighbours have not ventured aught  
Beyond a straggling inroad, made in darkness,  
And ere the morn abandoned—no fair field  
In which the brave reap laurels.

HENRY.

True, and therefore  
You come to find them here.

RODDAM.

If laurels grew  
In CRAVEN, I do think the sword I bear  
Quite sharp enough to crop them, Father. But  
I come on milder purpose. I would find  
The mistress, Pleasure, not the goddess, Glory,  
In these soft vales ; and so I deem my friends would.

HENRY.

A goodly number, by the bones of Beckett,  
In search of Pleasure! Can you tell, fair sir,  
The names of half her votaries?

RODDAM.

O, for these,

I would, sir Monk, you heard the lay of Duncan,  
Earl Percy's gray-haired Minstrel, which he sung  
What time the wine-cup sparkled, and this jaunt  
To Craven was the theme of all; for then  
You might have heard the catalogue, adorned  
With all the pomp of sound and circumstance.  
He sung how out of castle, hall, and bower,  
From Tweed to Tyne, from Cheviot to the sea,  
NORTHUMBERLAND had called her chivalry!  
Then, picturing that as blown which yet was folded  
In the intent, his strain described the land  
As saddened by desertion: "Wansbeck sees  
Each tower she mirrors by its Chief forsaken;  
The Coquet murmurs of a similar loss;  
The Till laments her Grey; the Beaumont mourns  
The absence of her Copeland. Alne alone,"  
He sung, "may sea-ward flow in silent joy,

For she hath still her Percy." Ha, ha, ha, [*Laughing*.  
I've caught the Bardic measure.

HENRY.

Means the song  
That Percy stays behind ?

RODDAM.

It doth so, Father ;  
And sooth it means ; the Earl remains in Alnwick.

HENRY.

And trusts his sister *here*, and *thus* ?

RODDAM.

Sir Monk,

If thou shalt dare insinuate that aught  
Unworthy may befall the Lady Margaret,  
The Lady Emma, or that other Maiden,  
From any noble, knight, or squire thou see'st,—  
I give thee warning that thy saintly garb  
Will scarce protect thy carcass ! Here there rides  
Not one that would not battle to the death,  
Suffer all tortures—sooner than permit  
A single breath to taint the virgin fame  
Of the least noble yonder !

HENRY.

Why this heat ?

I meant no slur upon your Northern virtues !  
But mark me, gentle Squire ! if to return  
Unscathed from Craven hath in your esteem  
A feather's weight,—rein in your fiery temper  
With firmer hand. There are, and you may meet them,  
Who will not brook what my profession bids me  
Sustain with patience.

RODDAM.

Father, I will trust

The sword of Roddam to defend its master,  
Whene'er th' emergence comes. Of this enough.  
If in my warmth offensive phrase escaped me,  
I pray you pardon it. I bear a soul  
That scorns to give an insult—least of all  
Where it were safely given.

HENRY (*aside*).Ha ! *safely* ! Ha !

Soft, fool ; he judges of me as I seem,  
And so disarms resentment.

RODDAM.

Did you speak ?

HENRY.

I wot not that I did. I was but musing,  
And wist not that my thoughts grew into words.—  
But you did name, I think, a Lady Emma :  
Is *she* a daughter of the House of Percy ?

RODDAM.

No ; of the House of Fenwick. She is sister  
To the young Noble whom you see in speech  
With Lady Margaret.

HENRY.

Bosom friends, of course,  
The two fair maidens are ?

RODDAM.

As close their union  
As that of roses intermingling leaves  
On the same stalk. From infancy, their sky  
Hath worn one colour—sable now with clouds,  
Now azure all and sunny. Side by side,  
Their valiant Fathers oft rolled back the surge  
Of Border war ; and all was triumph. Death  
Saddened the towers of WALLINGTON and ALNWICK  
At the same time ; for in one week were slain  
The Fenwick and the Percy—one in fight

With the rude Scot, the Percy by the rabble  
Led on by Archamber. Then brightly rose  
Fair years that bade them cease to sorrow, when,  
Admired, beloved, and sued for, in one sphere  
The bright companions moved. The Brothers, too,  
Prolong the friendship that allied their Fathers;  
And rumour says that yet a closer link  
Will join their future fortunes.

HENRY (*aside*).

Hell and death!

RODDAM.

What moves you so, sir Monk?

HENRY.

This fiery steed

Chafes underneath a rider little skilled  
In horsemanship.—But I neglect mine office.  
For see, the ladies pause, in doubt, perchance,  
Which of yon tracks to follow. Sir, adieu.

[*Exit* HENRY.]

RODDAM (*solus*).

Beshrew me, but I do admire this Monk,  
He is no canting knave, and hath a spirit

Which better would become a son of Mars,  
Than one of his calm order,

[*Exit.*

### SCENE V.

*Flasby Wood.* NORTON and other Outlaws discovered in consultation.

NORTON.

We are abandoned, and perhaps—I dread  
To speak the word—*betrayed*.

OMNES (*with energy*).

Betrayed !

NORTON.

Be calm.

It is too true ; unless obedience prompt  
To the Chief's mandate, sooth his altered humour.  
And more, my friends ; of all the gentles leagued  
With us in revel or in *guilt*—so, now,  
It suits their mood to term it—I alone  
Remain to head you. Most unfit—

OMNES.

No ! no !

NORTON.

I am, 'tis true, devotedly your friend.

Our interests are the same. In sports and perils  
I have participated; in your fall—  
If that awaits you—I will also share.

OMNES.

Spoke like a man!

NORTON.

Yet be not rash, my friends!  
The Chief hath kindness in his nature still  
For the poor devils by himself misled.  
For proof, behold this purse, which is the *bribe*  
He offers for *submission*. I advise  
You take it on his terms.

OMNES.

No! never! never!

NORTON.

Ye are brave spirits. Yet bethink you, friends;  
The very act that spurns his kindness, makes  
His anger sure.

AN OUTLAW.

His anger I defy!

If, after calling us around him—after  
Encouraging to deeds where Danger sat  
And warned us off—if, after all, he leave us;

Nor only leave, but slight; nor only slight,  
But hint—DISCLOSURE! by th' infernal fiend,  
I, for myself, bid him defiance—thus! [Draws.  
And sooner will I dye this blade in gore—  
His or my own—than cringe to him, and beg  
With all humility he would not *tell*  
What we have done beneath his high direction!

OMNES (*drawing*).

Defiance!

NORTON.

Then Defiance be the word!—  
Yet hearken me this once. Consider well  
What that bold word imports! The sword once bared,  
Ye do begin a quarrel of which none  
May tell the issue.

AN OUTLAW.

No; themselves begin it,  
By thus deserting and denouncing us.

THE OTHER OUTLAWS.

Most true.

NORTON.

Would I could say 'tis false!—Since, then,  
In spite of every warning, ye resolve

Th' event to hazard, and to range, as erst,  
A band of gallant Brothers,—here stands one  
Who, though he sees the peril, will not shrink,  
If so ye will, to meet it at your head.  
First, swear ye will be true to me.

OMNES (*kissing their Swords*).

We swear!

NORTON.

And I, as Leader, swear—

But here comes one

That must not know of this. [*They sheath their swords.*

[*Enter FANNY ASHTON.*

A fair good day

To Fanny Ashton!

FANNY.

And to you, fair sirs,

A better than you're like to have!

NORTON.

Why so?

FANNY.

My Father hath missed the snow-white buck, so prized  
By the Lord Clifford, and, suspecting harm to't,

He ranges now the Forest with a band  
Of armed attendants.

NORTON.

'Twas a noble deer !

A savoury haunch of it reposes now  
In Gennet's cave—to which your sire is welcome.

FANNY.

Ye are strange madcaps ! but I must be gone. [*Going.*]

NORTON.

No, stay ; I would admire that pretty wreath  
Your tasteful skill hath chosen, to set off  
The glossy jet of those wild ringlets, Fanny.

FANNY.

I meant it not to gain *your* admiration.

NORTON.

You give me needless pain, by telling me  
What I too truly understood before.  
But I can have revenge.

FANNY.

Pr'ythee, how so ?

NORTON.

By saying, in return, that all in vain  
You rifled dell and mountain for those sweets ;

For they will wither ere you see the Youth  
To please whose eye you sought and plaited them.

FANNY (*agitated*).

You jest.

NORTON.

Indeed I do not. And besides,  
He follows one whose artificial gems  
So far outshine these simple natural ones,  
That I do fear he will henceforth despise them.

FANNY.

You speak to try me, now ?

NORTON.

By'r Lady, no !

I speak with the most virtuous intent  
To teach you resignation. Henry's false.

FANNY.

'Thou'rt false to say that Henry's false, base man !  
He hath a noble nature.

NORTON.

Right ; he hath !

And seeks a noble mate. The Cottage girl,  
Cuthbert the Ranger's daughter, may not hope

To be his *final* choice; and I suggest  
A transfer of your heart, sweet maid.

FANNY.

To whom?

NORTON.

Would it offend you if I said—to me?

FANNY.

Who may the apple pluck, will scarcely turn  
To take the hip or wild-rasp.

NORTON.

But the apple  
Being destined for another, may give value  
To the inferior fruit.

FANNY (*taking him apart*).

With me, it will not.

But this is idle talk. O! tell me all.

To know the certainty of what I fear,

Can but be agony!

NORTON.

The tale is brief.

You recollect his absence when the moon  
Was last at full? 'Twas then his hap to save,  
During a hunt, the life of Lady Margaret,

Earl Percy's stately sister ; and to lose  
His heart at the same time. That Northern Flower,  
Brought from its native scenes to bloom awhile  
In Craven, your most faithful Lover now  
Takes means to keep its fragrance to himself.

## FANNY.

Then Fanny Ashton is most miserable !  
—He promised he would meet me by this tree,  
And in this hour. I flew and culled the wreath ;  
For he hath sworn that not the brightest Fair  
In Henry's court so well became her jewels,  
As I the flowerets of my native dell !  
Then would he talk a thousand gay conceits  
Above the simple thought of woodland girl,  
Suiting their colours to my face and mind,  
And telling me in every wreath I made  
Not to omit the *violet*—which meant *truth*,  
And this is Henry's truth !—Off, off, vain flowers,  
[ *Casting the wreath to the ground.*  
There—wither like my hopes !

## NORTON.

I did not think

That you would take it so to heart, else I  
Had told you it less bluntly.

FANNY.

O ! most sharp  
Your tidings were !—The prickles on the bramble,  
Whence I did pluck that rose-bud, from my hand  
Drew forth a blood-drop, which I meant to show  
For Henry's pity—foolish girl ! he leaves  
Thy *heart* to bleed, and will not pity !—O !—

NORTON.

Be calm, sweet Fanny ; all will yet be well.

FANNY.

Ay, all will yet be well, when this poor heart  
And this hot brain have ceased to throb !—The turf  
Will hide my frailties from the eye of shame ;  
And pity—I want none of it ! Tell *him*  
That Fanny Ashton hath no memory  
That ever Henry lived ! [Exit FANNY.

AN OUTLAW.

Alas, poor girl !

She will go mad.

NORTON.

Tush ! she hath too much passion

For that effect. It is the hurricane  
That clears the atmosphere.

AN OUTLAW.

And tears the blossom  
From its green stalk, to whirl it into nothing.  
But for her warning ?

NORTON.

Did I widely err  
In the conclusion that we are betrayed ?  
Already, as you hear, the chase is up !  
They might have given us time—a single day—  
For calm deliberation, ere they struck  
Th' annihilating blow.—Ha ! heard you that ?  
[*A whistle is heard.*

We are beset !—Stand firm.

[*Enter CUTHBERT ASHTON, and followers.*

CUTHBERT.

Soho !—At last

We have them. In Lord Clifford's name I ask  
What make ye here ?

NORTON.

And in our own, we answer,

It does not suit our humour to declare  
Our purpose—or to Clifford, or to thee.

CUTHBERT.

Ill-mannered churls ! but though ye veil *your* purpose,  
*Mine* wears no mask. Ye are my prisoners.

NORTON.

Yes—when our good swords fail us—not till then !

CUTHBERT.

Forward, then, lads, and seize them !

NORTON.

Draw—and on !

[*A Battle. CUTHBERT ASHTON falls wounded.*

NORTON *stands over him exultingly in the centre of the Stage. The Rangers, prostrate beneath the uplifted weapons of the Outlaws, on each side form a picture.*

## THE OUTLAW.

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### ACT II.

#### SCENE I.

*The Abbey Garden at Sawley. Enter LADY MARGARET and LADY EMMA.*

LADY MARGARET.

WHAT a sweet place, my Emma ! The high Moon  
Plays on the rippling water—gilds the turrets  
Of the fair Abbey—sheds a silvery light  
Upon the moistened green leaves—and makes gems  
Of the small dew-drops lying on the roses.

LADY EMMA.

It is the very moonlight of Romance !

LADY MARGARET.

It is so, Emma ; and methinks this Craven  
Is all romantic land. Its rocks and hills,  
Wild and majestic, set in contrast bold  
With vales of emerald softness, and lit up  
By gorgeous summer suns, or moons like this—

Why, 'tis a land to dream about, as having  
No real existence !

LADY EMMA.

So the Lady Margaret  
Throws the rich colouring of her fancy o'er  
Scenes not yet made familiar, and thence drawing  
One half of their enchantment. For myself,  
I would not give my own small brook of Wansbeck  
For any stream that murmurs through this land ;  
I do esteem old Cheviot more majestic  
Than yonder rugged eminences ; and—

LADY MARGARET.

Nay, sweet but sworn Northumbrian ! I will own  
All you have said, and all you meant to say,  
To be most true—if that you will not check  
My present mood by these comparisons.  
For, sooth to say, I love the pleasant land,  
And, might one dare to own it, love its people.

LADY EMMA.

Of whom few specimens have met your eyes  
Save the rude villagers that ran to gaze  
As our procession passed.

LADY MARGARET.

*One* I have seen—

What think you of our Guide ?

LADY EMMA.

As of a rude,  
Uncultured, uninformed, ungracious Monk.

LADY MARGARET.

Upon my life, ungracious epithets !

LADY EMMA.

What, marked you not his gesture, when aside  
He threw my noble Brother's hand, that proffered  
A liberal guerdon for the monk's brief service ?

LADY MARGARET.

'Twas but a fit of absence, dearest Emma,  
For which he did apologise.

LADY EMMA.

Apologise !

He muttered something, but so sullenly,  
It seemed as if his heart did curse his tongue  
For making it.

LADY MARGARET.

I did not so interpret  
His bearing. But my Emma, you must own

That he did paint each varied scene we passed  
In terms of pure and natural eloquence ?

LADY EMMA.

Like to some wandering Poet, whose costume  
Is marvellously tattered and bepatched ;  
With whom each crag is *rugged*, every hill  
Is *picturesque*, each brook a *purling fountain*,  
And every cavern *gloomy* or *romantic* !  
He prated in most nauseating terms.

LADY MARGARET.

You could not think so ! Did you hear his voice ?  
Noted you that ?

LADY EMMA.

I've sometimes heard a harsher.

LADY MARGARET.

O ! 'tis a voice of amplest compass, Emma.  
Of trumpet loudness to be heard in battle  
By fighting thousands, it hath yet the tones  
Of sweetest lute to melt in Beauty's bower !

LADY EMMA.

In neither of which places, good my lady,  
'Tis like to have much practice.

LADY MARGARET.

They do err

Who say that Love is blind. The lynx hath not  
So sharp an eye-sight. Maugre his disguise,  
I knew him, Emma—knew the Stranger Knight  
Who joined our stag-chase on the wilds of Cheviot—

LADY EMMA.

Amazement! Can it be?

LADY MARGARET.

Who saved my life

When human aid seemed hopeless—but who left  
The life he saved without the heart he found,  
For that he stole and keeps!

LADY EMMA.

'Twere too romantic

For this prosaic time! You may mistake.

LADY MARGARET.

No, Emma, no! The very traits you marked  
As proofs of rudeness, but confirm, to me,  
The truth of Love's discovery.

LADY EMMA.

I remember

That gallant Stranger well. His air was noble;

His manners such as one would thence infer  
The breath of Courts was native to his lungs,  
And Princes his first play-mates!—He assumes  
An odd disguise to shroud his rank and name in.

LADY MARGARET.

Ah! that way lies a mist, which coldly falls  
Upon my love, and checks it in the bud!  
His rank he told not; and it makes me 'shamed  
To speak of what I own not to myself,  
Save in some tender moment when Pride sleeps,  
And Fancy frames her visions.

LADY EMMA.

Splendid ones,  
I doubt not, where most gorgeous castles rise  
Like clouds of Summer's glowing atmosphere,  
Based upon—nothing. Cruel man! to leave  
Not e'en a *name* for love to feed upon.  
Had he declared his name, though it might be  
But simply *Henry*—

LADY MARGARET.

Do the fates inform,  
And make thee, even in thy jest, prophetic?  
I do believe that Henry is his name!

LADY EMMA.

Indeed! O, then the name will fairly sound  
In a sad ballad chanting forth the loves,  
'The high, mysterious loves, and piteous fate  
Of Henry and of Margaret, sung by—

LADY MARGARET.

Hold!

Thou endless jester. I am not just now  
In mirthful mood.

LADY EMMA.

And rather would enjoy  
The moonlight hour alone—to muse on *Henry!*  
Well, be it so, I go. [ *Going.*

LADY MARGARET.

If go thou wilt,  
Remember, dearest Emma, to be mnte  
On this discovery!

LADY EMMA.

Silent as the Moon,  
That, like a prudent lady, hears all love-tales,  
And tells none. [ *Exit LADY EMMA.*

LADY MARGARET (*solus*).

Go, light-hearted maiden, go!

Thou lovest, and art loved again. Thy love  
Is placed upon a known and noble object;  
While I!—He comes!—My heart, resume the Percy!  
[Enter HENRY abruptly, who kneels and throws  
back his hood.]

LADY MARGARET.

Arise! What art thou? Speak.

HENRY.

A hapless wretch,  
If I shall have incurred thine anger, Lady,  
By this intrusion; blest as the blest gods,  
If I obtain thy pardon!

LADY MARGARET.

Strong and urgent  
Must be thy reasons, if they justify  
This freedom, taken by a man unnamed,  
And, save as Guide, unknown.

HENRY (*rising*).

It was not thus  
The Lady Margaret looked, at yon cascade  
Among the Cheviots, when to this poor arm  
'Twas owing that the bright Rose of the North  
Was not against the sharp and pointed rocks

Dashed headlong—to exhale its fragrant life  
Amid the roaring whirlpool!

LADY MARGARET.

No; nor thus  
That her Deliverer looked! He stood that day  
Honoured amongst the honoured. Now he stands  
In strange and most inglorious contrast with  
His former self. Go to, thou art not He!  
The Youth I mean was honourable, was noble  
In *soul* at least, and would have rather dashed him  
On the sharp rocks thou speakest of, than take  
This mean advantage of a casual deed,  
Which Instinct would, without a spark of Nature,  
Have prompted to a villain!

HENRY.

Now by Heaven!  
That supposition wrongs me, Lady. I  
Claim nothing on that happy deed's account—  
Presume not e'en in thought upon it—take  
No mean advantage thence.

LADY MARGARET.

What call'st thou then  
This rude intrusion? What claim else hadst thou

On which to ground a fair excuse for it ?  
Then, too, this monkish dress. *Disguise* denotes  
The man that wears it to be fool or villain,  
Just as his aim is base or virtuous ;  
And which *thine* is—I ask not.

HENRY.

If correct  
That argument, it were indeed not worth  
The trouble of a question, Lady,—since,  
On either supposition, I must seem  
An object to be rid of.

LADY MARGARET.

Was the act  
Of self-devotedness that saved my life,  
A thing to be ashamed of ? to be wrapped  
In a Monk's garment, lest some eye should see,  
And recognise, and praise ? Or didst thou think  
That I, the rescued, was so poor of soul,  
That I should blush to own my rescuer ?  
Why, man, the meanest serf that ever toiled,  
Had he achieved the deed, should have been welcomed  
As Margaret's friend ; should from my hand have ta'en

Such meed as Gratitude may give to Worth,  
Though England's proudest stood beside and saw me!

HENRY.

Slight guerdon may requite a casual deed,  
"Which Instinct would, without a spark of Nature,  
Have prompted to a villain."

LADY MARGARET.

Pardon me  
That word, sir; it was said in haste, and rashly.  
I am thy debtor—deeply—lastingly—  
And would repay thee!

HENRY.

PERCY'S broad domains,  
With their long list of hamlet, tower, and town,  
Could not supply my guerdon.

LADY MARGARET.

No!

HENRY.

Unless  
Thy lovely name did grace the inventory;  
And that one item would compensate well  
The absence of the others!—Frown not, Lady;  
I am a man that, if I speak at all,

Must speak my thought—being an old man's son  
Who taught me this from childhood.

LADY MARGARET.

'Tis a rule  
Well worth th' observance, so the thought be such  
As doth become the speaker and the hearer—  
Which thine at present doth not. Who art thou,  
That darest thus presume upon my goodness?

HENRY.

A madman! having all the signs developed  
'That mark a madman's malady—save this,  
'That I do *know* myself to be a madman.  
Yes, Lady, he that fell in love with th' moon,  
As classic fable tells, was sane as I,  
Who kneel in adoration most devout [Kneels.  
To a fair being, shining in a sphere  
Of hopeless height above me!

LADY MARGARET.

Is it so?

Then must I think my charms have made a conquest,  
A glorious capture, doubtless, of a heart  
Warmed with no vulgar tide! But since, fair sir,  
I found thee in the garb of Chivalry,

And now behold thee in Religion's garb,  
How may I style my lover—Monk, or Knight ?

HENRY.

I do deserve that thou shouldst laugh at me ;  
Nor will thy mirth abate, when I shall tell  
My parentage.

LADY MARGARET.

I know it all, untold.  
Thy father in a lordly hall was bred,  
Thy mother in a cloister ; hence thou veerest  
Betwixt the hood and helmet.

HENRY.

Hear the truth ;  
My sire was bred a Shepherd.

LADY MARGARET.

If his son  
Possess a Shepherd's virtues, he outshines  
A Baron's heir without them !

HENRY.

Hem !—My virtues,  
Unlike my madness, have not yet developed  
Themselves by signs. My vices—less obscure—  
Are somewhat widely blazoned. Not a hearth

In Craven, from the castle to the cot,  
That is not vocal with my deeds. My name  
Will still the wayward child, when that of *Barghest*  
Hath lost its spell.

LADY MARGARET (*alarmed*).

Ha! Thou art then the OUTLAW  
Men talk of in these wilds! —Help! ho, there—help!

HENRY.

Fear nothing, Lady! The great Devil's self  
Would dread a hotter hell for wronging thee!  
Permit me to remove this—I am not—

LADY MARGARET.

Didst thou say *fear*? Man, I am of a race  
That never knew the word. But I will be  
Freed from the degradation of thy presence!  
'Thou dost, it seems to me, contaminate  
The very air I breathe! Didst save my life  
To sicken it with infamy? Away!

HENRY.

Now by a true man's soul! I leave thee not,  
Till thou hast heard me out. My heart's as proud  
As thine is, Lady; and— [*Enter LORD FENWICK.*

LORD FENWICK.

Ha! what means this?

Wretch, hast thou ventured insult? Hast thou dared—

HENRY.

When I shall come to thy confessional,  
I may esteem thy questions worth an answer;  
Till then I deign none.

LORD FENWICK.

Then, my surly Monk,  
Thy frock had need be changed to mailed vest,  
Thy cowl to cap of steel; for, by St Paul,  
Unless thy body is betaken hence,  
And instantly—thy Order shall not save thee!

HENRY (*tearing off his frock and hood*).

I ask it not. Behold me, boastful Chief,  
Armed to thy wish, and ready at thy word,  
To prove I trust to nothing but my blade  
For my protection! [*Both draw.*

LADY MARGARET (*stepping between them*).

Hold!—(*to Fenwick*) My Lord, I beg  
This matter may be left to me.—Whate'er  
That man's design—scarce can I deem it evil—  
For one good deed by him achieved erewhile,

I owe him much ; and he is not my friend  
Who seeketh now his injury.

LORD FENWICK.

Enough.—(*to Henry*)

Protected by this Lady's interference,  
Unquestioned go ; though one disguise thrown off  
Leaves thee in mystery still.

HENRY.

When next we meet—

And meet we shall where none can interpose  
Between us—thou mayst learn the mystery,  
In the keen glimmer of encountering steel !

[*Exeunt HENRY at one side, and LADY MARGARET  
and LORD FENWICK at the other.*]

## SCENE II.

*The Interior of Cuthbert the Ranger's cottage.  
CUTHBERT is discovered lying on a Longsettle,  
with bandages on his head and arm. His Wife  
is busied about the house.*

CUTHBERT (*endeavouring to raise himself*).

Peace, woman, pr'ythee peace ! I'll not have patience !

I tell thee Patience is a fool, as thou art.  
Will Patience heal this sword-gash? Will it knit  
The severed sinews, and re-string my arm,  
As it was strung this morning? If it wont,  
Of what avail is it?

WIFE.

Good Father Peter

Would sweetly show thee—

CUTHBERT.

Woman, hold thy tongue!

Is Father Peter wounded? What knows he  
Of the keen pain—the foul fiend take the pain!  
I heed not *that*. But to be pinioned here!  
To be laid up like a disabled hound  
Gored by a stag at bay!—A murrain seize  
The skulking scoundrels!—Where is Fanny, wife?

WIFE.

Poor Fanny!

CUTHBERT (*mimicking her*).

Ay, poor Fanny!—Why, an owl  
Might say as much. I ask thee, woman, where  
Fanny, thy daughter, is? Dost thou not hear?

WIFE.

Poor Fanny!

CUTHBERT.

Still, poor Fanny!—Thou hast lost,  
Methinks, the little sense that thou wast born with.  
Canst thou not answer me?

WIFE.

Dear Cuthbert, be  
A little patient. Give me time to answer.

CUTHBERT.

Time! Is the tale so long? But take thy time;  
For, like a restive hunter, thou wilt stand,  
Let the vexed rider spur.

WIFE.

At morning-tide  
She left the cottage, blithesome as a fairy,  
And garlanded like—

CUTHBERT.

Like a Christmas mummer.  
O ye are idiots both—she for her pride,  
And thou for thy abetment of it. Well?

WIFE.

She came again at noon, her eyes in tears,

Her fair cheek white as any lily leaf,  
And her long hair unbraided—

CUTHBERT.

A spiked pit  
Receive his living carcass, that dares wrong  
A hair of Fanny's forehead!—My poor girl!  
Through all her playful life, she never said  
A harsh word to her Father.—Did she not  
Acquaint thee, woman, who the villains were  
That had misused her?

WIFE.

Meek as any lamb,  
She nothing did but weep, and sing of *Henry*—

CUTHBERT.

Sing? Weep and sing? The woman's mad!

WIFE.

No, Cuthbert,  
But I do fear for her! She looked so wild  
When she went out, and O! she still is out,  
Although the moon's an hour above the Fell!

CUTHBERT.

That is her step! I know it. 'Tis as light  
As the young roe's!

[Enter FANNY.

Dear Fanny, wherefore this?

Didst thou not know thy father had been wounded?

FANNY (*untying a kerchief*).

Ay, they will kill us all—but I have here  
A charm to foil their witchcraft! These are plants  
Gathered in moonshine. I forget their names—  
But Henry knows them, and will tell me them.  
Poor Henry! I am sure he is unhappy!—  
But that's not it.

CUTHBERT.

What's Henry to thy father?

What dost thou mean, my Fanny?

FANNY.

Nothing—nothing.

WIFE.

Question her not. It pains her. Dearest Fanny—

FANNY.

*Dearest!*—'Tis a sweet word, but there's a sting in't.  
'There was a bee i'th' blossom that I clutched,  
And O! I bleed—bleed—bleed.

WIFE.

Let me bind up

Thy hair, my daughter; it is such a sight.

FANNY.

Mother, 'tis black and bonny, and will glisten  
In the fair morning sun, and I will tie it  
About his neck, and fasten him—Ha ! ha ! [*Laughing.*  
The stag is in the toils pitched by the hind—  
Seize on him, Foresters !—But he is strong,  
And, free and fetterless, darts up the hill !

CUTHBERT.

O my poor child ! my child !

WIFE.

Speak to us, Fanny,  
As thou hast ever done. I am thy mother—

FANNY.

Dost think I know thee not ? Thou art my mother.  
There is a strange mist here ;

[*Putting her hand to her eyes.*

but yet I see thee,

And thee, too, father.

CUTHBERT.

Blessed be thy name,  
O God ! my daughter is herself again !

WIFE (*brings a chair and places FANNY in it*).

Sit, Fanny, sit. Thy stomach, love, is empty,

And hence these air-bred fancies. I will bring  
A little pasty and a little milk.

Bestir thee, Cuthbert—O! I wander too;  
One sorrow drives another out.—My child,  
This is new milk. The cream, see, just begins  
To yellow o'er the surface. Drink, my dear.

[FANNY, *in taking it, spills a little on her garment.*  
Mind it not, love, 'twill wash again.

FANNY (*setting down the milk*).

They dress  
The dead in unsoiled white. Is not Death proud  
To deck him like a Bride? 'Tis a cold feast, though,  
The worms the revellers.

WIFE.

Banish, dearest love,  
These gloomy thoughts. To-morrow is, thou knowest,  
The Rush-bearing of KIRKBY MALHAMDALE,  
Where I have seen thee merry. Thou shalt go.

FANNY.

Mirth for the hostel, garlands for the church,  
And rushes for the dead. The garlands die,  
And the mirth's mute; but evermore the dead  
Lie snug beneath the rushes—so that they

Have still the best of it.—Why dost thou weep?

I had forgot—thou weepest for my father;

And I will join thee—(*she kneels beside him*)

Father, thou art ill;

A barbèd arrow gives a deadly wound!

CUTHBERT.

My dear, 'twas not an arrow, but a sword.

FANNY (*starting up*).

I say it was an arrow! and I know

A leech that well can cure thee. *He* will not

Fly from my father too. I'll find him soon

Where the moon shines into the greenwood's depth

To woo the pale white roses!

[*As FANNY attempts to rush out, her Mother seizes her; CUTHBERT, by a painful effort, gets upon his feet, but falls before he reaches them; and, finally, FANNY dashes her Mother aside, and Exit.*]

### SCENE III.

*The Abbey Garden at Sawley. Enter, from opposite sides, RODDAM and CATHLEEN.*

RODDAM.

Cathleen, I'm doubly glad—glad to escape

From all the stir and revelry within,  
And glad to meet with you.

CATHLEEN.

I, too, rejoice  
To make a brief escape from sighs and tears.

RODDAM.

From sighs and tears ! What mean you, sweet Cathleen ?

CATHLEEN.

Some matter of deep import, and unmeet  
For ear that's less than noble, passes now  
Between the Ladies in their secret chamber,  
Which wets the Percy's cheek, and stamps concern  
Upon the Fenwick's brow.

RODDAM.

A mystery !

CATHLEEN.

Which Time may solve or not, as best he likes ;  
I pry not into it.

RODDAM.

It will not change  
Our purposed route, I hope ?

CATHLEEN.

No ; that is fixed.

We visit some wild scenes of lake and crag,  
'That bear the liquid name of MALHAMDALE.

RODDAM.

I'm glad of it; I would not waste my time  
In these dull walls.

CATHLEEN.

Dull! spoke you not just now  
Of revelry?

RODDAM.

O, Revelry hath ta'en  
Devotion's seat, and pranks it gloriously—  
'Twere a rich scene for eye that's fond of such.  
At one end of the long Refectory  
Sits the Lord Abbot, jovial as the chief  
Of some proud hunting-feast. On either hand,  
Our knights and nobles quaff the grape's high juice,  
And high affairs discuss. Transverse from these,  
An ample board extends its crowded length,  
Where page and groom, where monk and sacristan,  
On humbler cheer regale. Apart from all,  
A choir of Minstrels touch the harp, or sing,  
At every pause of revelry.

CATHLEEN.

All this,  
And Roddam talk of dulness !

RODDAM.

O Cathleen,  
Where thou art not, ' tis dull ; and, in my mind,  
The merrier the duller.

CATHLEEN.

That's a riddle.

RODDAM.

Which Love may soon expound. From yonder crowd  
My spirit fled to thee, and left me set  
Still as the sculptured Saint upon the wall,  
That with the same cold and unaltered mien  
Looks down upon the banquet.

CATHLEEN.

And when you  
Sat thus, in fixed abstraction, what might be  
The business of your spirit ?

RODDAM.

Said I not  
It was with thee ? It was ; and then it flew  
But, mind, it bore thee with it—to a scene

Thou knowest well ! Tower, wood, and glen, at hand,  
And Cheviot in the distance.

CATHLEEN.

That description  
Can suit but RODDAM with its woodland dell.

RODDAM.

Right. On the dell's green verge arose a Bower,  
Moss-lined, and roofed with heather. There we sat,  
While into it looked the mild setting sun,  
And all the music of the Spring waked round it !

CATHLEEN.

'Twas a sweet vision !

RODDAM.

Yes ; but, love, I had

A previous one, which gave propriety  
To it—a vision of a little Church  
On Beaumont Side, where thou and I did join,  
With talismanic ring, the magic chain,  
Viewless but felt, connecting heart with heart,  
Made by the artist—LOVE !

CATHLEEN.

Alas, my Roddam—

What have I said !

RODDAM.

What thou shouldst ever say,  
*My Roddam !* Never sounded in mine ear  
My name so sweetly. Call me so all night,  
And I will listen till the morning break,  
And ask thee still to say it !

CATHLEEN.

Doubting not  
Thy love and faith, I will not call it back ;  
Though it might seem too—

RODDAM.

*Forward*, thou wouldst say ;  
But dream not that I think it so, Cathleen.  
I marked with rapture kindness in thine eye,  
Long ere thy tongue confessed it. But it seemed  
The exclamation had a tone of sadness,  
As well as of affection in it ; why  
Was this, Cathleen ?

CATHLEEN.

I heard thy sunny visions,  
And thought how different mine were. Thou wilt smile  
To hear that my strange dream of yesternight

Still hangs upon my spirits, like an omen  
Of some unguessed calamity.

RODDAM.

Come, love ;

We will have nothing sad to mar the pleasure  
Of this bright hour. I know a freer walk  
Beside yon river. Let us thither, love !  
Lost in a brief delusion, we shall fancy  
We stray—as wont—on Beaumont's pastoral banks,  
And that the murmurs of this southern stream  
Are those of Beaumont o'er her pebbled bed !

CATHLEEN (*sings*).

Sweet Beaumont Side, and Beaumont Stream !

Ye come to me in visions clear,

And ever as ye were, ye seem—

*Change* cannot touch a scene so dear.

On Hoseden heights for ever bloom

The flowers that lure the mountain bee !

By Beaumont Side the yellow broom

For ever waves—in light—to me !

Sweet Beaumont Side, and Beaumont Stream !

There is so much of gloom and ill,

That it is soothing thus to dream  
Earth bears one spot of sunshine still;  
To feel that while my hopes decline,  
And joys from life's dim waste depart,  
One bright illusion—yet—is mine,  
One fadeless Eden of the Heart!

[*Exeunt.*

## THE OUTLAW.

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### ACT III.

#### SCENE I.

*A Wood.* HENRY *is discovered leaning against a tree in a musing posture. To him enter*  
D'ESTON.

D'ESTON.

I ask not how you've sped.

HENRY.

No need to ask,  
If you can read th' inscription on my brow,  
'Traced there like Cain's.

D'ESTON.

St Mary! can it be  
'That the bold Outlaw droops?

HENRY.

O damn that word!  
Deeply I suffer for that folly now.  
An old man murdered, and his daughter mad;

His daughter, beauteous once as forest flower,  
And innocent, and happy—but for me!  
My father's grief for his degraded name,  
Should these things reach him.—Now, what think you,

D'Eston,

Of this brief catalogue? Bears it not proof  
That Retribution tracks the foot of Vice  
With more than blood-hound certainty?

D'ESTON.

You paint it

With colours far too dark. I grieve for Cuthbert,  
And for his woodland blossom; but reflect,  
*You* slew him not—if he indeed is slain;  
And Fanny's fate is but one sad result  
Of ill-matched love. Your father's name will suffer  
Slight degradation from the venial frolics—

HENRY.

Now by the gods! you do offend me, D'Eston.  
Frolics with such effects, are aught but venial.  
My curse on Norton! He shall answer yet  
For confidence abused.—Heavens! I am now  
The Puppet, not the Arbiter, of fortune,  
Forced, by invisible springs, to move and look

As what I am not!—List to me. Last night  
I saw the lady of my soul! O D'Eston,  
She stood in moonlight, as a seraph stands  
In th' love of Heaven!—Ere I should urge my suit,  
I wished to reconnoitre the defences,  
To see if there were any point whereat  
Assault might be effective. 'Mid the conflict  
Of our sharp wits, I chanced, half jestingly,  
To hint at my wild fame; when—could you think it?  
She, though her sojourn here hath been so brief,  
Had learnt the history, and shrieked aloud—  
“Thou art the OUTLAW!”—At the sound rushed out  
Lord Fenwick—so they style him—who, 'tis said,  
Aspires to win her love. Gods! but for her,  
I would, that hour, have taught him *humbler* views!  
But a bright time is coming.

D'ESTON.

Am I then  
To understand you meditate revenge?

HENRY.

Revenge? Thou givest it so foul a name.  
But we encumber each the other's path,  
And *one* had better vanish. Therefore goes

My message to him, which his gallantry  
Dares not neglect. We meet to-day by GORDALE—

D'ESTON.

'To *gore* each other, like irrational brutes!  
Harry, forgive the pun and simile.  
But I will see this Fenwick.

HENRY.

Not for worlds!  
No—not for Heaven! One syllable disclosed,  
And thou and I are foes for ever!—Come;  
The sun is bright on Malhamdale. Away! [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*Gennet's Cave in front. A small waterfall on the right. NORTON, in the black gown of a Friar, before the entrance of the Cave.*

NORTON (*solus*).

'The plot works bravely! Cuthbert's wounds and woes,  
Fixed upon *him*, have given a deeper stain  
To his blurred reputation. Other deeds,  
Achieved to-day, may crown his infamy,  
And turn her love to loathing. By the fiends!

That were the top of scheming.—But suppose  
They met?—A meeting would bring explanation ;  
And that would show my treachery.—Be it mine  
To counteract this !     *[Whistles.*

Ho ! my merry-men—     *[Calling.*  
Ye must give readier answer when that signal  
Is heard in Gordale.

*[The Outlaws rush, by two and two, from the Cave,  
and arrange themselves in order for action,—  
each man with his hand on his Sword-hilt.*

NORTON.

This will do.—Now mark,  
Your revels may be merry, but not *long*.  
Cool heads make steady hands. Be like the hare,  
That never, e'en in slumber, shuts her eyes ;  
And when your game presents, be like the tiger,  
That makes no second spring !—

I am advised  
The cavalcade is near, and wanting *him*  
Whom ye might shrink to meet. I shall find means  
To join it, and to note their strength. Be sure  
I will not risk your lives in vain encounter.  
Couch in the copse-wood till ye hear my whistle,

And let the sound assure you of the spoils

That guerdon valour when the fight is won !

Meantime, bid Gennet make her fairy cave

Ready for the fair captive.

[*Exit* NORTON.

[*The Outlaws re-enter the Cave, and the Scene shuts.*

### SCENE III.

*The Church and Burial-ground of KIRKBY-MAL-  
HAMDALE. FANNY ASHTON is discovered leaning  
on a tomb, with a bundle of rushes and a garland  
on a stone beside her.*

FANNY (*singing*).

The maiden to the greenwood flew,

All while the moon was shining,

And there she spied her knight so true

Against a tree reclining.

He seized her hand, that gallant proud,

Where shadowy moonbeams quiver,

And by the Queen of Night he vowed

To love that maid for ever.

[*Speaks.*

He meant not as he said, though. He was false,

Or else the ballad is. Soft ! it is here—

[*Sings.*

The maid again to greenwood flew,  
All while the moon was shining ;  
But there she spied no lover true  
Against the tree reclining.

He came no more, that gallant proud,  
Where shadowy moonbeams quiver ;  
But, mindless of the vow he vowed,

He left that maid for ever ! [ *Speaks* .

I knew 'twas so. He ne'er will come again,  
And she may weep. 'Twill ease her head to weep.  
I would that I had tears ! I had them once—  
But this hot sun hath scorched them up.

[ *Looks round* .

'Tis strange !

'Tis very strange.—Is Fanny Ashton, then,  
The only Rush-bearer ? They'll come anon. [ *Pausing* .  
I hate these tombs. They are so dark within,  
And press upon the dead so !—Mine shall be  
A common grave, with daisies on the turf ;  
Where dew-drops lie, and sunbeams love to shine—  
But none shall tread upon it—none—but He !  
Yes, *he* shall come, and pluck the daisy flower,

And I shall hear him !—never—never—never !—

Hark ! there is music.

*[A procession of youths and maidens bearing rushes and garlands, and accompanied with music, arrives at the Churchyard gate. The villagers, singly or in pairs, begin to carry their bundles into the Church. A young man, seeing FANNY stops.]*

YOUNG MAN.

Glad to see thee, Fanny,

At Kirkby Rush-bearing. But wherefore not  
Go with us, to assist in gathering flowers,  
And pulling rushes ? Thou wast always proud.

FANNY.

Proud ! show me aught that's not. Those flowers are proud  
To feel the breeze fan, and the sunbeam kiss them.  
But they were prouder ere thy rude hand cropped them—  
'Twas cruel in thee that !

YOUNG MAN.

I understand not

Thy meaning, Fanny. Thou wast cruel, then,  
To crop that garland lying there.

FANNY (*mournfully*).

E'en so !

YOUNG MAN.

Thou art not well, I think ?

FANNY.

Thou thinkest so ?

Thy thought's not worth a rush. Begone !

YOUNG MAN (*aside*).

By Jings,

The lass is crazed.

[*Exit, and enter a Girl.*]

GIRL.

O, Fanny Ashton come,

To help to strew the Church 'gainst winter tide !

With me, then, Fanny. Thine's the prettiest wreath

That I have yet beheld. Where didst thou find it ?

FANNY.

Thou knowest not the place ? But *I* do—well!—

O ! I beseech you, go not near it ! *There*

The snake breeds, and the toad, the asp, and all

The reptiles that with sting or venom take

The blood from out the cheek, and crowd the brain

With jarring fancies !—O ! I beg you, go not !

GIRL (*aside*).

Her looks and words are strange and frightful ! (*to her*)

Well,

I will not go, then. Wilt thou bear with me ?

FANNY (*sharply*).

No. [*Exit GIRL, and enter YOUNG MAN and*

YOUNG WOMAN.

YOUNG MAN.

It shall be so, now. I'll dance with none,  
If I mayn't dance with thee :

YOUNG WOMAN.

Thou'lt break thy word,  
If Sally Airton comes.

YOUNG MAN.

'Tis ever so !

'Tis always Sally Airton ! I think thee  
A prettier girl, by half. Now, shall I be  
Thy partner for the night ?

YOUNG WOMAN.

Now that's well thought of !  
It might be vexing Sally, to engage  
Thyself for longer time.

YOUNG MAN.

For that, sweet teaser,  
I'll bind myself for ever, and thou wilt,  
By oath upon the mass-book.

FANNY.

Swear not, churl !  
Thou'lt break thy vow e'en as thy betters do,  
And she will weep—like me. Poor girls have *hearts*, man,  
And they can *feel* ! Dost think they cannot, Henry ?  
That no kind breast can throb, save under satin,  
Where it stirs gem and jewel as it heaves ?—  
Away ! Why gaze ye thus ?

YOUNG MAN.

We wait to have  
Thy company.

FANNY.

Thou liest ! for the eye  
Of heedless, incommunicative bird  
Is hardly welcome in a true-love bower  
Where lovers sit ! But I will nothing tell—  
Why should *I* tell, when *Time* will ?—Ay, the blast  
Will tear thee, maiden, from the stem thou lovest,

And fling thee to the pity of the rain,  
Whose tears will bleach thy red!

YOUNG WOMAN (*to him*).

Let's go. She's mad.

YOUNG MAN.

Poor girl! I pity her. (*to Fanny*) Thou wilt not go,  
then?

FANNY.

I will; for I perceive thou'rt sad, and I  
Am very sad—indeed I am. Go on.

[*She takes up her bundle and chaplet in a languid  
manner, and Exit with the villagers.* <sup>f</sup>

[*Enter FIRST YOUNG MAN.*

YOUNG MAN (*solus*).

I'm sure she's crazed. She would not else have talked  
So like a player-girl. By Jings! to blame me  
For plucking senseless flowers, and then to wave me  
With such an air—thus. [*Enter Villagers.*

FIRST VILLAGER.

Something's wrong, no doubt.

O sirs, we little know what coming days  
May bring to each of us!

SECOND VILLAGER.

The most unlikely  
Are sometimes seized as she is. Well, may God  
Have mercy on the spirit He hath bruised!

YOUNG MAN.

It comes of pride. I never knew a girl  
Ape the high airs of folk above her rank,  
But she got humbled.

FIRST VILLAGER.

O, thou bearest spite,  
Because at our last Rush-bearing, she chose  
Another youth—not thee—to be set home by.

YOUNG MAN.

And worthy choice she made! A Fly-byth'-sky,  
Whom no one knew—not e'en herself, perhaps—  
With gew gaws glittering underneath his cloak.

FIRST VILLAGER.

St Mary! what is here? A hundred horse  
Are clattering down the brow!—And see, they stop—  
Dismount—and come towards us!

YOUNG MAN.

By Jings! I'm off.

[*Exit YOUNG MAN, followed by the VILLAGERS.*]

[Enter LADIES MARGARET and EMMA, with CATHLEEN, who walk slowly across the Stage—the Rush-bearers continuing their work.]

LADY MARGARET.

A pleasing scene ! one that would suit Arcadia,  
When it was in the pink of simple usage.

LADY EMMA.

I did not think Rusticity imbued  
With so much taste.

LADY MARGARET.

O, Nature is the same  
In high and low ; and in some instances  
I deem the low our masters. Their displays  
Are not o'erlaid with pomp, their mirth not checked  
By ceremony.—Would I were a cot-maid !  
She feels no sorrows, or she finds such play  
As this, a compensation for them all. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE IV.

*The Interior of the Church. The VILLAGERS strewing the floor. FANNY ASHTON wandering idly about, and singing snatches of tunes.*

A VILLAGER.

Hush, Fanny. 'Tis the Church, and work-day tunes  
Are unbecoming.

FANNY.

Would'st have something else ?

I knew an old hymn once. Hark ! this is it— [*Sings.*

Am I a flower ? My sky is gloom,  
And the cold rain-drop chills my bloom ;  
But let thy Spirit blow—and see !  
Sun-light and warmth return to me.

[*Enter LADIES.*

Am I a lamb ? My wool retains  
Of sin and guilt the crimson stains ;  
But flow, sweet streams, from JESU flow !  
And I am white as mountain snow.

LADY MARGARET.

A most sweet voice !

FANNY.

So Henry used to say ;  
But his was sweeter when he said it. O !  
My love's voice is as mellow as a bird's,  
When it sings in the forest all alone,  
And sad hearts listen ! [*She busies herself in strewing.*

LADY MARGARET.

What a lovely creature !  
And to be thus ! See, Emma, how deceived  
May be our judgments. I but now did envy  
The bliss of cot-maids !— [*To a strewer.*

Dost thou know, good girl,  
Who that poor maiden is ?

GIRL.

So please you, she  
Is the old Ranger's daughter ; Cuthbert Ashton  
Her father is called ; Lord Clifford's keeper, who  
Hath Lodge in Flasby forest.

LADY MARGARET.

She hath not  
Been always thus ?

GIRL.

'Tis not a week, since I  
Beheld her at her father's, blithe and blooming.

LADY MARGARET.

And knowest thou not the cause of this sad change?

GIRL.

No; but I fancy love, ma'am—love and grief.  
'Tis said that she was courted by a man  
Known but to her—one of the Outlaws, ma'am—  
And he hath killed her father.

LADY MARGARET.

Gracious Heaven!

FANNY (*to* LADY MARGARET).

'Tis false! 'tis false! Believe me, it is false!  
Dost thou know HENRY? Trust me, he would not  
Set foot upon a snail! His pride would shun  
Its crawling filth, his pity spare its life  
For the next sunny shower!

LADY MARGARET (*agitated*).

And who is Henry?

FANNY.

Wouldst find the secret? Find it, then. I know,  
But will not tell thee. Thou art proud and fair—

They told me looks and jewels such as thine,  
Have wiled my Henry from me ; but 'tis false.  
Thou couldst not have the heart ! I know thou couldst not.  
God bless you ! I shall find my Henry still. [*Sings.*

The Outlaw leads a merry life

Under the greenwood tree—[*Exit FANNY.*

LADY EMMA.

Ha ! heard you that ?

LADY MARGARET.

O ! I have heard enough  
To tell me I am wretched.

LADY EMMA.

Rather say,  
There was a precipice concealed by fogs,  
To whose dread brink your steps were hastening ;  
But Providence hath rolled the glooms away,  
And you have seen the peril, and may pause !

LADY MARGARET.

True. Yet this solving of a painful doubt  
Is trial to the heart ! [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.

*Green in front of the Inn. The old VILLAGERS seated on benches around, and the young dancing. During the dance LORDS FENWICK, GREY, &c., appear on the Stage.*

LORD FENWICK.

Youth, health, and mirth; light limbs, and lighter hearts;  
What lack these to be happy?

LORD GREY.

Ask the Host.

Yonder, with rosy face and rounded front,  
He bears a frothing pot.

LORD FENWICK.

I understand you.

The Host would say—more liquor; and perchance  
A few broad-pieces to procure them that,  
Were no unwelcome donative. Host, ho! [*Calling.*  
[*The Host comes forward, and receives money from*  
*two or three of the Party.*

LORD FENWICK.

Take these, my friend, and let the villagers

Rejoice therewith, till our return from Gordale ;  
When, should the contribution be too scant,  
We may augment it.

HOST.

Thanks, ye generous strangers.

LORD GREY.

It strikes me, too, that our rude knaves had rather  
Stay here and join the sport, than wend with us  
To gaze on crag and brushwood.

LORD FENWICK.

Be it so ;

If that they will not brawl with these good peasants.

HOST.

There bears a dark cloud over Gennet's gill,  
And the West blackens o'er the fell. These signs,  
Amid our hills, portend no distant storm.  
If Gordale is your aim, 'twere best ye reach it  
Ere the day change.

LORD FENWICK.

We thank thee, sir. A Guide  
Is all we want to 'vail us of thy counsel.

HOST.

And that is soon supplied. Here comes a man,

One of a holy Brotherhood, whose cell  
Is near this place.

LORD FENWICK (*glancing at GREY*).

I relish not conductors  
Drawn from a sacred Order. But go on.

HOST.

He weeps and wanders, mid the glooms of Gordale,  
From morn till eve. What brings him now, I wot not;  
Unless, as I suspect, it be to preach  
The Rush-bearers a sermon on the sin  
Of passing time so happily. As lief  
Would I see aught as him.

LORD FENWICK (*smiling*).

And so wouldst make  
A transfer of his services to us?  
Well, I like candour, friend, and will remove  
This marrer of enjoyment—if he list.

[*Enter a MESSENGER.*

MESSENGER (*showing a letter*).

This for the Lord of Fenwick.

LORD FENWICK.

I am he.

MESSÈNGER.

I wait reply.

LORD FENWICK.

A moment, lords, excuse me. *[Reads.]*

Go, tell the writer I will meet him—no;  
Myself will bear my answer. Wait apart.

*[To MESSÈNGER.]*

My lords, a slight affair demands me hence.

Nay, question not—a trifle—I will join

Your train again ere long. *[To MESSÈNGER.]*

Lead on, my friend.

*[Exit LORD FENWICK]*

*[Enter NORTON.]*

LORD GREY *(to NORTON)*.

Father, we would see Gordale. We are strangers,

And may, perhaps, avail us of that name

To ask the guidance of so good a man

As we have heard thou art. *[Enter LADIES.]*

NORTON.

Would I could teach you,

When Gordale opes his chasm, to elevate

Your minds from the low pleasures of base sense,

To *Him* whose fiat scooped it, or whose earthquake

Rent its huge cliffs asunder, to attract  
The gaze of ages !

LORD GREY (*smiling*).

Who knows but we may  
Be diligent pupils under such a tutor ?  
The ladies are devout. So lead, good Father.  
[*As the strangers are quitting the stage, the Scene shuts.*]

### SCENE VI.

*A Landscape. Enter LORD GREY and RODDAM.*

LORD GREY.

I think thou'rt prudent.

RODDAM.

For that flattering thought  
I stand your lordship's debtor.

LORD GREY.

Did you note  
The Monk, our former Guide ?

RODDAM.

I did, and deemed  
His manner most unlike the garb he wore.

LORD GREY.

There guessed you rightly. Yet you could not dream

That in such peaceful garb there stood disguised  
A Bandit leader ?

RODDAM.

No ; in sooth, I could not !

LORD GREY.

Yet so it is. At least so fame reports it.  
Now mark me, Fenwick hath received from him—  
We cannot doubt the source—a message, which—  
We doubt as little—is a hostile one.  
Too brave to weigh the risk of a rencounter  
With one who laughs at honour and at law,  
Lord Fenwick gives the meeting he demands.

RODDAM.

And *you* are here to tell it ! You—his friend—  
Are calmly talking of his risk, while he  
Dies, it may be, amid a horde of villains !—  
My horse there !

LORD GREY.

Honour to the noble soul  
That speaks in thee ! My friend is not alone.  
SWINBURNE and RIDLEY, ORDE and LILBURN follow  
To vindicate the right. I but delay  
To bid you lead the cavalcade to Malham ;

And ask you, should the ladies mark our absence,  
To find such fair excuse as may allay  
Their apprehensions.

RODDAM.

That safe post be his,  
Who fears to look on danger! I'll with you.

LORD GREY.

Bethink thee, one fair maid may lack protection.

RODDAM.

If you mean insult, my good Lord of WARK—

LORD GREY.

I half repent my choice. I deemed thee prudent,  
And still will deem thee so—unless thy folly  
Engross one moment further of a time  
Too precious to be wasted.—Fare thee well. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VII.

*A Glen.* HENRY is discovered beside an ancient  
Oak. To him enter LORD FENWICK.

LORD FENWICK.

In ignorance of what thou art—in doubt  
Whether I meet a man entitled to  
Receive from me this courtesy, or one

That hath no claim to it—behold me here,  
In answer to your missive.

HENRY.

You have done  
What I expected, lord; and thus far, therefore,  
Will I, at present, satisfy your doubt.  
Believe that, if I fall, you will have shed  
Blood precious as your own. If fate reverse  
The issue, it may help to sooth your death-pang,  
To think you perish by no vulgar brand.

LORD FENWICK.

'This is evasion, and would clear me, did  
I shun the combat.

HENRY.

If your northern courage  
Shrinks as it nears the hazard—be it so.

LORD FENWICK.

My courage hath enabled me, ere this,  
To smile at hazard equal—take my word—  
To that which threatens now. But we are men,  
And should be rational; nor draw the sword  
Without good cause.

HENRY.

Agreed. My cause is good—  
Your last night's words of insult.

LORD FENWICK.

But those words,  
Addressed to one who—as I thought—had offered  
Outrage to her that claims my guardianship,  
Were meaningless—since outrage there was none;  
Inapplicable—therefore inoffensive.

HENRY.

Another valid reason why your sword  
Should keep its scabbard!

LORD FENWICK.

From another lip,  
Or at another time, I had not brooked  
That haughty sneer. Nor would I now, but that  
I would not prosecute a baseless quarrel;  
And such is ours—if something yet unnamed  
Stir not your blood.

HENRY.

Somewhat there is, perchance,  
Which I would have concealed, did not I find  
Your valour needs a spur.—Nay, hear it *now*.

I will be brief. The Lady Margaret claims,  
You say, your guardianship?

LORD FENWICK.

And proudly say it.

HENRY.

No doubt. But what if I should say that you  
No longer shall keep watch, as dragon-guard,  
On that Hesperian fruit?

LORD FENWICK.

Why, then I should  
But laugh at thy most impotent presumption!

HENRY (*aside*).

At last the metal rings!—(*to him*) Thou wilt not, then,  
Resign thy bold pretensions to that lady?

LORD FENWICK (*aside*).

Sits the wind there?—(*aloud*) Hadst thou that question  
put

Less haughtily, I might have deigned reply  
By a plain statement. But thus bullied, I  
For answer tell thee—NEVER! Right in you,  
Or any one, but most of all in *you*,  
Upon me such condition to impose,  
I do deny, repel, and treat with scorn!

HENRY.

Then you reject the only chance of peace.  
I pray you, ponder.

LORD FENWICK.

Palsied be my tongue,  
When it seeks peace on terms which Honour spurns!  
And blasted be my fame, if—having come  
Alone to give thee, what thou couldst not hope,  
The chance of losing by a true man's brand  
The felon life predestined to the halter—  
I let thee now escape me unchastised!

HENRY.

That speech wants little to be eloquent,  
Except one item of some moment—*truth*.  
Thou come *alone*? Look yonder, and confess  
The falsehood of the vaunt. By heaven! thy prudence  
Equals, my lord, thy valour—or transcends it.

[Enter GREY, SWINBURNE, ORDE, &amp;c.]

But let them come. (*Drawing*) Here, like this monn-  
tain oak,

I bide the fury of the storm. Come on!

Come one by one—I ask no favour else—

And *thou* the first!

[To LORD FENWICK.]

LORD FENWICK (*to his Friends*).

For this inopportune,  
Though well-intentioned zeal, I thank you not.  
Back—if you love me ! Back—unless you deem me  
The craven which this braggart says I am !

HENRY.

Proclaim me braggart when my deeds belie  
The promise of my words.

LORD GREY.

And him a craven  
On the same terms. But hear ! A high-born man,  
Whose life hath public value, is not called  
To risk it in a brawl with one whose life  
MUST be of *less*—MAY be of *no* concern.  
And therefore have we come—not to o'erpower  
A single warrior—not to interpose,  
Unwarrior-like, between you ; but to learn,  
Ere blow be struck, whether our friend is matched  
With fair antagonist. Of that assured,  
Let triumph gild the braver !

LORD FENWICK.

Stop, my friends.  
Too much hath passed between us, now to plead

That point of custom. Be he what he may—  
Noble or ignoble—or high or low—  
True man or robber—he shall have his wish.  
No more, as ye are friends!

[*A single combat, in which LORD FENWICK'S Sword  
is forced out of his hand by HENRY.*

HENRY.

Demand thy life.

LORD FENWICK.

Never! My name in arms is now eclipsed;  
My life is worthless. Take it.

HENRY.

Foul befall

The man that strikes the vanquished!—No, no, live.  
But bar my way no more.—Now for the next—

LORD GREY.

Your true nobility of soul, brave Stranger,  
Disarms us all. To that, and not to any  
Less lofty motive, do we beg you give  
Our wish for peace—a wish, you may believe,  
Not usual in a Borderer.

HENRY.

I believe it;

And when we meet again, there may be less  
Of mystery, more of pleasure. Fare ye well.

[*Exeunt.*]

# THE OUTLAW.

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.

GORDALE—*a tremendous mountain chasm. Enter*  
RODDAM *and* CATHLEEN.

CATHLEEN.

O RODDAM ! why so rash ? Yet, yet return !  
Some dread thing is about to happen ! Stay—  
'Turn not that rock, but listen ! Told I not  
Of dell that narrowed, and at last closed in ?  
And told I not of thunder ? Are you mad !  
'The dell is narrowed to a point ; o'erhead,  
'The clouds have veiled the sun ; and if these clouds  
Bear not a storm within their lurid halls,  
No sky will henceforth thunder ! Let us back !

RODDAM.

And we were fools, my love, to turn us back  
Upon such ground as the coincidence  
Of a dark dingle with a maiden's dream.

On, my Cathleen ; nor fear that harm can come  
To Roddam or to thee. For thy sweet sake  
Yon clouds shall pass away, and heaven be blue  
As that fair eye of thine, where love—insphered—  
Shines through its tear as shines, the western star  
Through the fine dews of Eve ! [*They enter the chasm.*

Heavens ! what a sight.

CATHLEEN.

O God ! the very scenery of my dream !

RODDAM.

Why then thy dream was highly honoured, love ;  
For ENGLAND hath no nobler scene than this.

[*Enter LADIES MARGARET and EMMA, with NORTON and part of the Procession, on foot. All gaze in silence.*

NORTON.

Your silence moves no wonder. Gordale hath,  
In its first burst of unexpected grandeur,  
A spell to awe the soul, and chain the tongue.  
How great its Maker then !

LADY MARGARET.

Now this repays  
The toil of our long journey !—Emma, look !

Look, Cathleen, Roddam!—It might seem a tower  
Whose architects were giants, did yon stream  
Mar not the fancy.

RODDAM.

Or a cavern hewn  
From out the solid rock by hand of genii!

LADY EMMA.

Or fairy palace, by enchantment raised,  
To hold the elfin court in!

LADY MARGARET.

'Tis a scene  
Too stern and gloomy for those gentle beings,  
That love the green dell and the moonlight ring.  
I like my first impression.—Whence the stones  
That cumber the wide floor?

NORTON.

These scattered fragments  
Have fallen, Lady, from the toppling cliffs,  
Detached by slow decay—perchance by lightning—  
And piled through silent ages. Fear not, gentles;  
Beneath the bend of this far-slanting rock,  
We stand exempt from peril—nothing less

Than some discourteous earthquake being able  
To make the massive Giant fall and crush us.

LADY EMMA.

There is a peril, Friar, which, I fear,  
Neither this Giant nor his friends can save from—  
The peril of a thunder-storm.

CATHLEEN (*to RODDAM*).

O, hear!

LADY MARGARET.

It were a deadly sin 'gainst taste, so soon  
To quit this scene of wild sublimity,  
In dread of an imaginary danger.  
My spirit rises while I gaze, to see  
The shadows deepen, as the clouds o'ersweep  
The almost-meeting crags above our head,  
Until the cataract, that whitely falls  
As if from heaven, becomes its only light,—  
Seeming, indeed, a gush of moonshine poured  
Through a rent cloud, when all beside is gloom!—

[*Lightning,*

That flash came not from water—Ha! again—

[*A storm of thunder and lightning, during which*

*the heads and weapons of the Outlaws are partly seen among the clefts.*

NORTON (*aside to the Outlaws*).

Await my signal. [*They retire.*

(*Aloud*) 'Tis a fearful hour!

God! what a crash was that! Flash crowds on flash!

It lightens as if Satan sat i'th' clouds,

And fed their fires; while the redoubling crags,

With most terrific mimicry, send back

The rattle to the sky!—

(*Aside*) By heaven! they quail.

These northern warriors, who would fearless charge

Thrice their own number in a Border feud,

Are worms before a danger which doth mock

The spear and mail of armèd bravery!

Now is my time— [*Whistles, and enter Outlaws.*

NORTON (*with affected alarm*).

The Outlaws!—All ye saints

Protect and save us!—Holy Mother, save

Thy servant!

AN OUTLAW.

Yield! Your purses or your lives!

NORTON.

Good friends, submit ; else we shall never see  
Another morning dawn !

RODDAM.

Monk, hold thy peace,  
Else I will cleave thy head !            [*To the Outlaws.*

A bold demand,  
And one that, numerous as ye are, will task  
Your prowess to enforce it. (*to Norton*) Old man, bid  
The ladies keep the shadow of the rock  
As they regard their safety. We will throw  
A rampart of good steel before them. Form—  
Quick—right and left behind me. Yarely !—Ten  
Good men and true are match for fifty villains !

[*A Battle.*

Strike fast—and home ! Each thrust, so sent, rids earth  
Of so much crime !            [*Fights. Thunder continues.*

High omens are about us—  
Heaven sends its lightnings to direct our blows,  
It thunders for our triumph !            [*Fights.*

AN OUTLAW (*rushing upon RODDAM from behind*).

Hell receive  
Thy fiery soul !            [*Stabs him.*

RODDAM (*turning fiercely round*).

O Villain! dastard! die! [*Stabs him.*

That was a coward's trick. Fight, gallants, fight!

They waver.—On!—CATH.—use her name I dare not,

Else should that name, heard o'er the tumult, make

The brave be braver! [*Fights.*

[*The Battle continues. The Borderers give way.*

RODDAM.

Cowards! dastards! stand!

Rally again, or be disgraced for ever!

What will they say by Cheviot? [*Fights.*

Vain! they leap

O'er crag and cataract like startled deer;

And I am left.—Curse on the coward blow

Of that expiring caitiff! [*Staggers.*

[*The Outlaws seize and bear off LADIES MARGARET  
and EMMA. CATHLEEN flies towards RODDAM.*

Villains! no—

Ye shall not do that outrage! (*falls*) O Cathleen!

CATHLEEN.

'Tis done! 'tis done!—He would not hear me!—

Roddam!

O speak to me!—He never will speak more!

Dead ! dead !—O misery ! [*To the Outlaws.*

Here—complete your work  
Of butchery ! Stretch me in blood beside him,  
And I will die with thanks upon my tongue !

[*She raises him in part, places his head upon her knee, gazes upon him, and exclaims—*

He breathes, he lives ! Thank Heaven !

[*The Scene shuts.*]

SCENE II.

*Crags near GORDALE. Enter an Outlaw.*

OUTLAW (*almost breathless*).

He must be near. Ho ! Norton ! [*Calling.*

[*Enter* NORTON.

NORTON.

## Fiends pluck out

Thy foolish tongue ! Why shouldst thou *name* me, ass ?

OUTLAW.

I did not name you *ass* ; but if you stay  
Many hours longer in this vicinage,  
You will have earned the name.

NORTON.

No insolence—

What meanest thou?

OUTLAW.

Henry—

NORTON.

Damnation! what?

Speak, what of him?

OUTLAW.

He met us—Bland and me—

As we were carrying off the Lady. Bland

At the first menace, dropped his sword, and begged  
Forgiveness.

NORTON.

Base poltroon! And thou?

OUTLAW (*hesitating*)

Why—I—

I did the same.

NORTON.

Two quailed to one! The slaves—

But at the least, ye did *confess* nought. He

Knows nothing of *my* part?

OUTLAW.

Bland told him all!

How you had trained us to oppose his will;  
Had planned th' attack and capture of to-day;  
And above all, had bound it on our souls,  
To give the Lady Percy to believe  
That *he* was author of whatever outrage  
She might have suffered.

NORTON.

Thou didst contradict this?

OUTLAW.

I durst but sanction what my comrade said;  
But took the earliest chance to steal away,  
In hope to find you out, and give you warning  
To 'scape the deep revenge the Chief hath vowed.

NORTON.

Thanks; but I fly not!—Desperate was the throw,  
And the die turns up—RUIN; but to whom?  
That waits decision.—Go. I would compose  
My mind a little, were there a retreat.

OUTLAW.

The Cave.

NORTON.

The Cave! Thou'rt mad, or else a traitor!  
That were the first explored.

OUTLAW.

Ay, such he deems  
Thy thought to be, and therefore will not search it.

NORTON.

That notion seems a shrewd one. [*Puts off his disguise.*  
Take this garb;  
I have no further use for it. Be true. [*Exit* NORTON.

OUTLAW (*solus*).

He has no further use for't. So I think.  
And I opine that, save by some good fortune,  
Of which I dream not, the next suit he gets,  
Will cost him nothing, and will last for ever! [*Exit.*

## SCENE III.

*Gennet's Cave and the Waterfall. HENRY is discovered in the act of supporting* LADY MARGARET.

LADY MARGARET.

Where am I? Where is Emma? Where my friends?  
Have they all perished in yon dreadful cavern?

Am I the singly savèd ? Speak, Monk ! Speak, Outlaw !  
My Evil Genius, speak !

HENRY.

The last, sweet Lady,  
I wot not why you call me. True, I am  
Most evil to myself; to one beside  
I am most evil; but to *thee* !

LADY MARGARET.

Forgive me,  
If in my terror I have done thee wrong.  
But I will call thee aught—my Guardian Angel  
Ever at hand to rescue and to save !  
That I will call thee, and will add whate'er  
My power may promise, or my purse afford,  
If thou wilt tell me that my friends are safe !

HENRY.

Dear Lady, be composed. I have already  
Assured thee all is well. My friend's report,  
Which but thy swoon prevented thee from hearing,  
Bore that some others of your northern train,  
Not in the former company, had reached  
The scene of conflict; that th' assailants then,  
On this accession to their foes, had fled;

That Lady Emma, rescued by an archer,  
Had joined her friends—

LADY MARGARET.

Thank God! And Roddam—  
But that brave youth is slain!—

HENRY.

I know not that.

LADY MARGARET.

And I—why am I here? O! what have I  
Or said, or done, to merit this unkindness?  
Speak, why is Margaret the selected victim  
Of him who saved her life?—But hear me, villain!  
The stainless Daughter of a martial line  
Cannot receive an insult unavenged!

HENRY (*kneeling*).

If in my soul there ever lurked, or lurks,  
One thought intending aught but good to thee,  
May the next flash yon awful sky shall send,  
Strike me to ashes!

LADY MARGARET.

Art thou not the author  
Of this day's work?

HENRY.

So help me Heaven, no !

LADY MARGARET.

Nor knowest our assailants ?

HENRY (*rising*).

There I cannot  
Plead innocence. Some guilt is justly mine ;  
For which I suffer penance—thy suspicion.  
But I am foully wronged, as *one* shall know [*Thunder*.  
And pay for ! Hark ! more fiercely and more near  
The thunder rolls. The lightning wraps the crags  
In its most perilous flame. But we are nigh  
The shelter of a cave—

LADY MARGARET.

Speak not of that !

Here stand I in the face of Heaven, whose darts  
Fly not at random, but obey the hand  
That makes them ministers to strike or spare ;  
Here is no danger save from One whose pity  
Marks the poor sparrow fall. I will trust HIM,  
Although he seems in anger—but not thee !

HENRY.

Thy will be law. I did but mean to find thee

A shelter from the storm. But O ! believe,  
That cave were safe as ALNWICK's princely bowers ;  
And let me add, those princely bowers may see  
Fair youths of noble name and martial deed  
Contending for thy smile, but shall not see,  
Amid the crowd of suitors, one that loves thee  
With love so true as mine !

LADY MARGARET.

Talk not of love !

Of that no more ! If thus my foolish dream  
Is over, let it end !—Thou *hadst*, poor youth,  
A part in Margaret Percy's bosom once—  
I shame me not to say it *now*, when I  
Am wretched, and thine eyes do look their last  
Upon me—but 'tis done. From this hour forth,  
I cast thine image thence, and thought of thee  
Shall never haunt me more !

HENRY.

To have been thus—  
To have engrossed, though but a moment's space,  
One thought of thine—shall be the cherished feeling,  
The secret triumph, and the silent pride  
Of this full heart, till its pulsations cease

In the calm grave ! But since it *hath been* thus—  
And that Earth's fairest lips have just avouched—  
Why not be thus again ?

LADY MARGARET.

Impossible.

Ask thy own life.

HENRY.

Lady, my life hath not  
Been free from stain ; yet are there greater *villains*,  
If that must be the word.

LADY MARGARET.

That I would hope.

And yet connexion is confessed—alliance—  
With men of blood !

HENRY.

A fitter time will come,  
When all shall be explained.

LADY MARGARET.

It needeth not ;

I have no interest in the knowledge. Yet  
There *is* one question I should like to ask,  
Ere we two part for ever. Know you aught  
Of a poor girl named ASHTON ?

HENRY.

Said I, no,

I should say falsely.

LADY MARGARET.

That at least seems candid.—

Art thou the cause of that fair girl's distraction?

HENRY.

It was deep villany to be the cause ;

But, being so, 'twere double villany

To say—I am not.

LADY MARGARET.

Then did blood of Kings

Flow in thy veins, I should esteem myself

Degraded by thy suit!—Away, and beg

Pardon of outraged Heaven!

HENRY.

Alas! my heart

Is not of adamant. I feel too late

The ruin I have wrought. Thou art too good

To know how passion in the heart of man,

With the swift out-break of a summer flood,

Bears in its course the meadow-blooms of virtue,

And leaves the banks a waste.—But I will not

Attempt the palliation of my guilt.  
I am unworthy, Lady, to remain  
In presence of thy virtue ; and not long  
Shall my taint-breathing infamy bedim  
Its all-pure mirror. Having joined your friends,  
Our paths will thenceforth separate ; and if  
*Thine* be but bright with sunshine, that reflection  
Will form a rainbow on the lowering cloud  
That now must darken mine !

LADY MARGARET.

Yet why.—O ! why  
Should thine be dark ? Thy manners and thy speech  
No token bear of vulgar birth. Still less  
Dost thou seem one that skulks by cave and brake,  
Cheering his crew to most abhorred deeds,  
At whose recital good men weep. Then why  
Not quit the base career, and rise—ay, *rise*—  
For well I ween the meanest state life hath—  
The state of Bondman fettered to the soil,  
And sold and bought with that—is high, is noble,  
Compared with thine !

HENRY.

Ask the bruised wretch, convulsed

With agony, to re-ascend the rock,  
Down which his madness or his fate hath dashed him.  
Alas, his feeble limbs could ill keep stance  
On ledge or jutting stone. The shoots by which  
Uninjured sinews might attain the summit,  
Spring greenly but to mock the sight of him  
Doomed at the base to die!—But if my heart  
Had power enough to scale the precipice,  
And be what it hath been, how valueless  
Were e'en success, when *thou*—the Vision bright  
That on its top shed radiancy—art gone,  
And all is dull and blank!—No, no; that light  
No more on high, fame, name, and character  
Are things not worth a thought!

LADY MARGARET.

Thou talk'st romance.

Now hear the truth. A Percy's daughter comes not  
In contact with disgrace. Yet say I will—  
If my poor smile can win thee from this mean  
And guilty course, thou hast it!—O forgive—  
Be all thou wast at LINHOPE's wild cascade,  
When the North saw her Chivalry outshone  
By the young Stranger Knight! Whose eye like mine

The change shall greet ? Whose heart like mine rejoice ?  
And O ! whose *hand*—but mine—reward the struggle  
High—hard—and holy ?

HENRY (*kneeling and taking her hand*).

Noble maid ! 'tis done.

That word redeems the past, and saves the future !  
Beloved by thee, I am not all degraded ;  
Beloved by thee, I shall not sink again  
Beneath the proud height of thy love ! That word  
Hath torn the mystery—as a garment—from me,  
And now I tell thee—

[*Shouting is heard as of persons in search of some one,  
and calling to and answering one another.*]

We are interrupted.

It means not. Thou shalt learn all soon. But how ?  
Was it a dream ? Or did I hear, in sooth,  
That thou art the affianced Bride of Fenwick ?

LADY MARGARET.

Indeed thou must have dreamt it, Henry.

HENRY.

What !

Is there, then, no alliance soon to be  
Betwixt your Houses ?

LADY MARGARET.

Yes, My Brother's troth  
Is plighted to the Lady Emma.

HENRY.

Fool !

Madman !—But it is well no blood was shed.  
The noble Fenwick !—As I live, 'tis he—

[*Enter* LORD FENWICK.

HENRY (*taking his hand*).

My lord, I blush to meet you. I but learnt  
This moment how insanely I have acted.  
Can you forgive me ?

LORD FENWICK.

Stranger, as a debtor  
That lacks wherewith to pay—

HENRY.

No, no. Not long  
Shall thou so designate me. To your care  
Permit me to restore your lovely ward,  
Honoured and safe as when at first exposed  
To the rude rangers of these craggy glens.  
Adieu to both. I follow soon.

[*Exit.*

LORD FENWICK *and* LADY MARGARET.

Adieu !                    [ *Exeunt.* ]

### SCENE IV.

*The Interior of Gennet's Cave.*    NORTON *discovered at the entrance sword in hand, and couched as if ready to spring upon some one.*    FANNY ASHTON *near him.*

FANNY.

Norton, what watch you for ?

NORTON.

A wild boar—hush ! (*aside*)

This mad fool will betray me, if I am not  
Betrayed already by yon clown—He moves !  
He turns away—returns—Damnation !—stay—

FANNY.

This is the Fairy's cave.    Hast seen her, Norton ?  
But she ne'er shows herself, except to eyes  
That soon must close in death.    Would *I* might see her !  
It were so sweet to die, and dream no more.  
Dost *thou* dream, Norton ?

NORTON.

Peace! I say.

FANNY.

I will;

Because thou art so surly—not like *him*.

He said I was a fairy; said my eyes,

With every sparkle, wove a spell around him,

That made me lovelier—dearer! Norton, *this*

Shall never more be styled the cave of Gennet.

'Tis mine! Here will I dwell; and when my brain

Burns, I will bathe it in yon gentle Fall

Whose waters light my cavern. Then at morn,

I'll sprinkle me with dew-drops from the rose;

And when the Moon looks o'er the fell, I'll mount

Her beams, and seek my love! [*Lightning.*

[*She throws her arms around NORTON,—exclaiming*

Save, save me, Norton!

'That came for me!—I felt it suck my soul!—

But now I breathe again.—Yet hold me fast! [*Faints,*

NORTON.

She spurned me, and for *him*. I little cared

For *her* sake: yet it galled me to reflect

'That e'en in low amours he baffled me.

FANNY (*reviving*).

Dearest ! confess it now. Thou hast deceived  
The trusting Fanny, Henry ! and I must  
Avail me of thy dagger. Hast forgot  
How when we sat beneath yon mountain-ash,  
When I was well, and never plagued with dreams,—  
You showed it me, and told me that if ever  
I found thee false, I was to stab thee with it ?  
Now give it me. Dost think I'd kill thee, love ?  
But I will see thy heart, and look on *her*  
That takes my place thereon !—and I will stab her,  
For there is triumph in her smile.—Take that !

[*Thrusts as with a dagger.*]

NORTON.

I am not he you mean.

FANNY.

Not Henry ? No—

Thou art not. Then, how dreamt I he was here ?

NORTON.

He may be here anon. Just now he stood  
With his new love beside the waterfall.  
And if thou wouldst do what he bade thee, Fanny,  
My dagger's at thy service.

FANNY (*eagerly*).

Give it me! [*He gives it to her.*

Now will I couch like thee; and when he comes,  
Will spring upon him—thus. [*Places herself beside him.*

NORTON (*aside*).

The proverb says

Drowning men catch at straws. But now for me  
Aught to expect from this girl's brain-sick whim,—  
Why, 'twere to clutch a thread of gossamer  
Waved by the summer wind from hawthorn bush  
Across a headlong stream that bears me down!  
Yet let him stand the risk. If fails her dagger,  
My sword may follow with a surer blow!

[HENRY, *without*, gives the signal whistle.

NORTON (*to FANNY*).

Speak not! He thinks to find some comrades here—

[*Enter HENRY.*

Now—quickly! spring! [*To FANNY.*

[*As he enters, FANNY springs forward, then pauses,  
and, shrieking, throws away the dagger. NOR-  
TON aims a mortal blow at him, which FANNY  
ASHTON—rushing between them—receives in  
her breast, and instantly falls.*

HENRY (*drawing*).

O damnèd villain ! thou hast spilt a life  
I would have given my best domain to save !  
Miscreant ! I might have pardoned thee again,  
But for this deed. But this weighs down thy soul  
To hot perdition !

NORTON.

Pardon ! I despise  
Thy mercy, as thy vengeance. Strike—  
[*They fight. NORTON falls.*  
HENRY.

Thou hast it

At last, perfidious wretch !

NORTON.

My curse be on thee !  
May woes, like vipers, writhe around thy heart,  
Gnaw—gnawing it through life ; and may your death  
Be speedy—and as bloody—as my own ! [Dies.

HENRY (*kneeling and raising FANNY*).

Live, Fanny, live !—Thou hast been deeply injured ;  
But live ! and there is nothing thou canst ask  
But I will gladly grant thee—

FANNY.

'Tis in vain!—

Dear Henry! I have been so ill, so fevered,  
I thought my brain would turn; but I am now  
Myself again. I feel me dying, Henry!  
I have no wrongs to urge. I was in fault  
To dream that one like you could ever stoop  
To union with a peasant. But my parents—  
Dear Henry, think of them. For my sake, be  
To them what Fanny Ashton should have been,  
Their stay in age. And O!—I would not have  
A thought of me to mar thy happiness;  
Yet if thou canst, some pensive moment, think  
Of me without a sorrow,—then, my love!  
Recall me to thy mind. Remember me—  
Not as th' unkind upbraider of a wrong—  
But as a meek, erring girl, who loved too well  
Where love was hopeless; yet whose death was sweet,  
Thus dying in thine arms, and knowing thou  
Wilt close my eyes, whose image—ever dear—  
Is dearest at this moment, and shall be  
Their last impression ere they fix for ever!  
I can no more—my Henry—O' farewell!

[Dies.]

# THE OUTLAW.

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.

*The Library in BARDEN TOWER. LORD CLIFFORD and the PRIOR OF BOLTON seated at a table covered with papers, books, and mathematical instruments.*

LORD CLIFFORD.

Alas, lord Prior, we must interrupt  
 The pleasant course of our most loved researches !  
 To watch the wanderers of the nightly sky,  
 That shed their influence, adverse or benign ;  
 To trace the mysteries of Nature's work  
 In earth or water—whether we remark  
 The ebbs and flows of Ocean as he leads  
 His mighty waves beneath the moving moon,  
 Or seek, by chemic fire, the still-hid *stone*  
 Philosophy hath worn her eyes to find ;—  
 These, our enjoyments, must give place awhile  
 To painful duties.

PRIOR.

God's high will be done!

When open you the court?

LORD CLIFFORD.

I wait the coming

Of certain of the northern visitors,

As evidence against the robber horde.

PRIOR.

How many of the villains are secured?

LORD CLIFFORD.

Some twenty, and with them a sly old fox

That keeps the hostelry at Kilnsey.

PRIOR.

Ah,—

Is *he* suspected?

LORD CLIFFORD.

Yes, of leaguings with,

Abetting, and concealing them.

PRIOR.

I hear

EARL PERCY hath arrived.

LORD CLIFFORD.

His lordship came

Last night, and will attend the court. He begs  
A previous interview to talk with me  
On matters of high moment.—Would 'twere over!  
For I do hate so much these shows of life—  
The words that nothing mean, the smiles that hide  
The pain of the tired heart—that, by my faith,  
I could e'en now exchange this noble name,  
My lordly halls, and all their owner's power,  
For the low cottage and the homely fare,  
The unvexed spirit and the quiet sleep  
I had among the glens of CUMBERLAND,  
Ere I was wakened to the certainty  
Of my true rank, and all the cares that cling to't!

## PRIOR.

That mood, my lord, is but a passing cloud,  
Soon to depart and leave your spirit clear,  
Else would I blame you for it. HE who did  
Retrieve the ruined fortunes of thy House,  
And gave you power to sooth or to redress  
The woes of thousands round you—power which ought  
To be the sweeter, since yourself have felt  
The very ills that ask your aidance—He,

I say, my lord, deserves more gratitude  
Than such complaint implies.

LORD CLIFFORD.

O true, most true.

Yet must I feel that I am all unfit—  
From natural disposition, and the want  
Of artificial polish—for the sphere  
My fortune threw me into. I believe  
That what the Boy has been, the Man will be;  
And I was, as a boy, contemplative,  
Not prone to active sports. I was the child—  
But let me check myself; for of my nature  
'Tis the weak point—to prattle of the past,  
Of things, perchance the listener nothing cares for,  
Perchance hath heard before.

PRIOR.

Never to me

Did aught your lordship talked of, come unwelcome.  
I love to hear old memories, recitals  
Of passages, long gone, but called, as 'twere,  
Up from th' abyss of time, and hallowed by  
The light of fond Remembrance.

LORD CLIFFORD.

Then art thou

Fit to be listener when the aged speak.

—I was the child of war and of misfortune ;

Born in a castle, suckled in the camp,

And thence transferred—when Ruin found my sire,

And would have found his son, that Clifford's name

Might only gild the past—transferred for safety,

To secret places in the west.

PRIOR.

Unknown

To those about you ?

LORD CLIFFORD.

Ay, and to myself.

For the few gleams my youthful memory kept

Of prouder days, soon vanished ; and I deemed

Myself the peasant boy that others thought me.

PRIOR.

Your lady-mother died.

LORD CLIFFORD.

Yes, died before

I was of age to be intrusted with

The dangerous secret of my noble birth ;

But not before I was of age to learn  
The faith my fathers cherished. Oft she read,  
And wept the while, the blessed page that tells  
Of GOD'S sojourn with mortals.

PRIOR.

Well for you,  
That the first knowledge of that Book was taught  
By lips so pure as hers ! You might have else  
Erred, by interpreting the sacred word  
In other ways than Holy Church permits  
Her children to believe.

LORD CLIFFORD (*crossing himself*).

JESU be thanked !

I keep the faith. At three score years and ten  
It were too late to re-examine points  
Of controversy. These another race  
May sift and battle for—as signs abroad  
Seem to prognosticate they will.

PRIOR.

Saints grant

It may be well for Rome ! 'Twas but last night,  
I dreamt I saw my own fair Priory,  
The beautiful House in which our fathers worshipped,

Doomed, pillaged, desecrated ! Nay, I saw  
Until the Ivy mantled every arch,  
And waved from every window-shaft, and things  
Obscene and nameless crawled and twisted, where  
The holy Altar now is dim with light !  
And I heard men, that walked about, and said  
'Twas a just retribution for the waste  
And wickedness that long had revelled there.  
And some named me—me, RICHARD MOONE, with  
curses,  
And some with pity, as the *last* that ruled  
As Prior within its walls.—St Mary, guard  
The shrine thou lovest !—Pardon me, my lord ;  
This weakness but delays your narrative.

LORD CLIFFORD.

My dreams are of the mountains, where my youth  
Did pass so happily, in sweet communion  
With Nature—unacquainted with all pomp,  
Except her own, when Night brought out the stars—

[*Enter a SERVANT.*

SERVANT.

My lord, Earl Percy.

[*Exit SERVANT.*

LORD CLIFFORD.

Thank your fortune, sir,

Your trial's past.

[*Enter the* EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

A thousand welcomes, lord,

To BARDEN TOWER! Your lordship's willing servant,  
The Prior of Bolton.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

That sum quadrupled

In thanks to both!

[*To* LORD CLIFFORD.

Time hath laid on your lordship

A gentle hand since last we met. By heaven,

Did the Scot muster for another fight,

Thou wouldst bear arms as stoutly as you did

On FLODDEN FIELD.

LORD CLIFFORD.

Your lordship's pleased to flatter.

But thanks to Heaven, my age keeps green.—And you,

Time hath not passed you without adding strength

And manly bulk to the fair slender frame

I saw five years ago. Please you, be seated.

## NORTHUMBERLAND.

I crave your pardons both. My business asks  
Your private ear, my lord.

LORD CLIFFORD.

I am your servant.

My friend will find amusement from these shelves  
Till our return. [Exeunt LORDS.

[As the PRIOR takes down a volume the scene closes.]

## SCENE II.

*A wood near Barden Tower. Enter LADIES MARGARET and EMMA, with CATHLEEN.*

LADY MARGARET.

'Tis strange. Two days have passed, and yet he comes  
not !

O ! love's impatience ought to shame the lightning  
As slow and cold !—But one thing I have sworn,  
That come he soon, or come he never more,  
I will not wed this man, whom my good brother  
Would kindly substitute for him I love !  
Cathleen—

CATHLEEN.

My lady.

LADY MARGARET.

How fares Roddam?

CATHLEEN.

Well.

He doth recover as by miracle;  
But loss of blood hath made him weak.

LADY MARGARET.

Brave Youth!

I would I were a Queen for Roddam's sake.

CATHLEEN.

I shall be glad to tell him of your wish,  
And he be proud to hear of it.

LADY MARGARET.

Cathleen,

You know the song of DUNCAN? I bethink me  
How the old Minstrel's tears mixed with his harp-strings  
As he did sing it—giving what to me  
Appeared a playful, not a sad farewell,  
An air of sorrow and of prophecy.—  
Just now, methinks, 'twould please me well to hear it.

CATHLEEN.

Would that my power to please were like my wish!

[Sings.

Away, Lady, fly from thy dark native mountains,  
Thy mead-bordered streams, and thy heather-fringed  
fountains,  
From the depth of thy glens, from the sweep of thy  
valleys,  
Where the warrior treads, and the deer-hunter sallies ;  
Away, Lady, fly ! but vale, mountain, and river  
May sweep, tower, and flow—and be thine again never !

O, thoughtless and light beats the heart in thy bosom—  
But thine eye is the diamond, thy cheek is the blossom,  
Thy form is the seraph's, all grace and all lightness,  
The charm of thy spirit around thee is brightness,—  
And young eyes may gaze, and young bosoms may quiver,  
Affections may change, and return to us never !

'Tis done !—'Mid the dazzle of bliss and of splendor,  
Still fewer and fainter the musings—though tender—  
That waft back thy soul to the land of thy childhood,  
Where mountain and meadow, where river and wildwood,  
And thousands of hearts throbbing fondly as ever,  
Lament thee away to be ours again—never !

LADY MARGARET.

Hark! Mingled not with Cathleen's voice some strain  
Of doleful note? Or grow I superstitious  
Since Gordale's gloomy hour?

LADY EMMA (*looking out*).

You heard aright.

There cometh now a funeral-train, who bear  
A coffin decked with garlands. Maidens young,  
Arrayed in white, support the bier. Some comrade  
'They take to her last home, I doubt not.—Hush!  
Again they raise the hymn. Step we aside,  
Until the sad procession passes by. [*Exeunt.*

[*Enter a Funeral. A coffin with the name of FANNY  
ASHTON engraven on the lid, is carried slowly on  
the stage, followed by CUTHBERT ASHTON, his  
WIFE, and mourners; CUTHBERT leaning on a  
staff. The Bearers set down the coffin, while the  
following lines are sung.*

HYMN.

When the storm calleth  
Wildly and loudly,  
Then the flower falleth  
That blossomed so proudly—

O

Earth to its earth we bring,  
Solemnly, slowly !  
Soul to its God, we sing,  
Happy and holy !

Dare not to blame her—  
Lifeless she lieth !  
Tenderly name her—  
Early she dieth !  
Dust to its narrow cell,  
Narrow and lowly !  
Soul with its Maker dwell,  
Happy and holy !

[*During the Hymn a STRANGER, muffled, comes forward, places his hand on the coffin, and stands in an attitude of grief. CUTHBERT and his WIFE appear to notice him, and to converse earnestly aside. At length CUTHBERT raises his staff and speaks—*

CUTHBERT.

Avaunt there, villain ! or beware the vengeance  
Of a despairing father—father ? No !  
I *was* a father. Curses light—

STRANGER.

Old man,

Curse not. It 'vails not. It is curse enough  
To feel what now I feel.

CUTHBERT.

Dost thou repent ?

Then God forgive thee—as—I—do ! [ *Weeps.*

STRANGER.

Amen !

And when thou seest my features, thou wilt know,  
That I am able, not to heal thy woes,  
But, it may be, to soften them.

[ *Shows his face to CUTHBERT.*

Exclaim not !

I would not these should know me for the wretch  
I must appear to them, if known. [ *Takes his arm.*

Good Cuthbert,

Permit I prop thy steps, who have, alas !  
Ta'en their sweet prop away. I have sad right  
To be a Mourner here !

CUTHBERT (*greatly agitated*).

This is too much !

[*The funeral moves on, and as the last of the train disappear, re-enter the LADIES.*

LADY MARGARET.

Ever the same—O noble, noble youth!

LADY EMMA.

Who hath your admiration!

LADY MARGARET.

Saw you not?

What else was there to look at? Who but *he*  
Dared play that part?—Too happy FANNY ASHTON,  
Thus mourned by him! 'Twere sweet, methinks, to die,  
To have his tears shed o'er one!—Every drop  
Is worth a kingdom!

LADY EMMA.

If so rich his tear,  
What were his *smile* worth?

LADY MARGARET.

Worth the world! And if  
There should be such a cloud upon his life  
As may forbid me to enjoy that smile,  
I'll live upon its memory, and die  
When the sweet light shall vanish!

LADY EMMA.

That will turn  
On your opinion of his rival, who,  
They say, is handsome.

LADY MARGARET.

Emma, not a word,  
I do beseech you, speak to me of *him*.  
I ought not hate a man I never saw;  
But, as a vapour that doth come between  
My sun and me, I *hate* him; or at least  
I wish him from my atmosphere.

CATHLEEN (*to* LADY MARGARET).

So please you,  
I see my lord, your brother, on the path,  
And hastening hitherward.

LADY MARGARET.

He comes to lead us  
Into the court. Away, and let us meet him. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*A court of Justice. On the bench sits LORD CLIFFORD with FENWICK, GREY, SWINBURNE, ORDE, &c. and RODDAM. A number of the Outlaws chained together; beside them HARMAN TRUEMAN. Behind the prisoners stand D'ESTON and FARRAND with the principal gentry of Craven. EARL PERCY and the LADIES enter and take their places on the bench. The proceedings appear to have gone on for some time.*

LORD CLIFFORD.

These men are ignorant; were wont to be  
Good, honest villagers; and had of vice  
Nothing beyond their class. 'Tis clear as day,  
That they have been misled—misled by whom?  
That must be scrutinised.—But there stands one  
Whom I should mis-describe, did I put him  
In the same catalogue with simple clowns.  
Stand forward, Trueman!—Thou art here accused  
Of leaguings with, abetting, and concealing  
These men in their bad deeds. What canst thou say  
In vindication of thy conduct?

HOST.

This—

I keep an open house.

LORD CLIFFORD.

Ay, that thou dost,

An open house for felons. Is't not so?

HOST.

For honest men, my Lord, if they have cash,  
But that is seldom; and by this same token,  
I do believe these honest. When they rub  
The scores against them from my check-board, then  
I may esteem them thieves.

LORD CLIFFORD.

A quibble, man,

Which shall not serve you. Thou hast heard the proof—  
These men were frequent revellers at thy house.

HOST.

Ay, marry were they! Oft they drank and late;  
Would they had *paid* as often!

LORD CLIFFORD.

Now, Sir, dare you,

Before this court, assert that these men owe  
Even for one poor gill?

HOST.

I dare be sworn

That they have drunk a thousand, and ne'er paid  
For one *poor drop*. Your worship shall be judge  
If that implies a debt.

LORD CLIFFORD.

Another quibble.

This is a deep knave. But my honest Harman,  
The question I shall next address to thee,  
Will make a subterfuge too difficult  
E'en for thy subtle brain. Art thou not paid  
For *all* these men have drunk?

HOST.

I am, my lord.

LORD CLIFFORD.

So far 'tis well. Now wilt thou say by whom?

HOST.

By those that had the cash, my lord; for I,  
Like all my tribe, do make good customers  
Pay for the bad—in which sense I am paid.

LORD CLIFFORD.

Unfathomable rascal! But I will  
Not thus be trifled with. Sir, these men stand

Convicted of a series of offences,  
Gross, unaccountable. At FOUNTAINS ABBEY,  
In spite of curse by candle, bell, and book,  
'They drove the brethren forth. Six weeks ago,  
The men of GARGRAVE from their night-attack  
Scarcely found the church a sanctuary. Tithes,  
Ordnained for holiest purposes, have been  
Demanded and received—to gild their riot.  
They fell on my poor servant, Cuthbert Ashton.  
As their guilt's climax, from the last offence  
*Deaths* have resulted; and the penalty  
Their lives must pay. Now, Harman Trueman, thou,  
As cognisant beforehand of their guilt,  
Standest in equal peril. Thou canst yet,  
However, save thyself, and do good service,  
By now discovering who enticed them into  
'The course they soon may suffer for.

HOST (*turning round*).

Is't so?

Then, officer, your gyves! I'll take my place  
Beside the guilty, and will suffer with them.  
For never will old Trueman turn informer  
Against the friends that trusted them!

LORD CLIFFORD.

The rack

Shall tear the secret from thy craft!—Remove him

To torture, officers. [ *Officers seize* TRUEMAN.

D'ESTON (*stepping forward*).

A moment stay !

'Twill save your lordship's time, and spare you trouble,

To clear at once this matter up. These men,

Your lordship justly says, are ignorant,

And simple, and have been misled. Permit me

To earn for them a pardon, by delivering

One Leader up to justice.

LORD CLIFFORD.

Name him, D'Eston.

D'ESTON.

I am that one.

FARRAND (*stepping forward*).

And I another.

SEVERAL GENTLEMEN.

We

Must also plead th' offence, my lord.

LORD CLIFFORD.

Amazement !

The flower of Craven's chivalry thus blighted !

RODDAM.

By th' Mass, I'm glad on't ! Little did I dream  
That we had such antagonists. In sooth  
They fought like men ; and were it mine t' impose  
Their penance, I would order that anew  
They meet us in yon chasin, and fight it out  
With their good swords !

NORTHUMBERLAND (*smiling*).

Peace, Roddam.

LORD CLIFFORD.

Other measure

Must be dealt out to them ! It cannot be  
That human life should fall like autumn leaves  
Unnoted and unvalued. Gentlemen,  
'The law, that with an equal eye beholds  
The guilt of rich and poor, or if it leans,  
Leans on the rich with just severity,  
As having ampler means to know their duty—  
That law, long set at nought, demandeth now  
Augmented vengeance. [*Enter HENRY abruptly.*

HENRY.

Yes; but not on *them*.

*Here point your thunder, if the bolt must fall!*

These have but shared the frolic and the farce,

The tragedy o'th' play hath all been mine.

*I slew young Norton, I beheld the death*

Of Fanny Ashton.            [*A pause of astonishment.*]

LORD CLIFFORD (*to HENRY*).

Then, young sir—

LORD FENWICK.

One word

Permit to me, ere judgment be pronounced.

There is a mystery in these transactions

Which it were wise to clear. I know that man

[*Pointing to HENRY.*]

I know his honour fair. If he hath ta'en

A life, as he confesses, I will pledge

My own, that it hath been for worthy cause,

And in fair fight. These are not idle words;

There is my gage—            [*Throws down his gauntlet.*]

I'll prove them on the body

Of any that shall dare to take it up!

LADY MARGARET.

Thanks, noble Fenwick!—I forget myself—  
I only meant to say that I believe  
That—gentleman—incapable—I pray you—  
Lord Clifford! HE IS INNOCENT— [Faints.

LORD CLIFFORD.

Sweet Lady,  
Would he were worthy of so fair a pleader!  
Look to her, lords.—This case we'll further hear  
In private. Keep the prisoners in charge.  
And, D'Eston, follow me. [The Court breaks up.

## SCENE IV.

*A room in BARDEN TOWER. Enter NORTHUMBERLAND  
and HENRY, slowly, in conversation.*

NORTHUMBERLAND.

I saw it all—young blood, that would not move  
In the dull sluggish current of old age;  
And enterprise, that would not pause to learn  
The lessons of a stern economy.  
And yet the hero who had shivered lance  
In the "Field of the Cloth of Gold," the play-fellow

Of princes, and the favourite of a King,  
Should hardly have descended—

HENRY.

Hold, my lord,  
Or I shall think I hear my father chiding.  
I will amend all that.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

I doubt it not—  
And now of Norton?

HENRY.

Would he were alive,  
And here, to answer for himself—and me!  
For then I should not be compelled to say  
What now I'm forced to.—He was of a House  
Not, it is true, a rival of our own,  
But still, from petty causes, oft a thorn  
In our supremacy. Hence grew ill blood  
Between us, e'en from boyhood. Rivalries—  
I need not say in what—embroiled our youth,  
In which my star still kept th' ascendant. Stung,  
At length, to madness by imagined wrongs,  
He challenged me to mortal fight. We fought.  
He had his life—I took it not. Nay more,

I did receive him as a friend ; I made him  
Thenceforth my confidant. But there are men  
To whom a kindness is a burden—who  
Can sooner pardon injury, than a deed  
Of generosity. To blast my hopes  
Of union with your House, became a wish  
And a determination, for the which  
This Outlaw folly seemed to give him scope.  
Wild as it was, and rash, his plan appears  
But little fitted to achieve its object ;  
But Passion doth hide peril, as the mist  
Conceals the yawning chasm.—Not much remains  
To tell. Defeated in his mad attempt,  
And conscious he must answer for it—not  
To me alone, but to the outraged law—  
By desperation urged, assassin-like,  
At my unguarded breast he struck. His blow  
Was intercepted, and, alas ! received  
By one whose story you shall hear. I slew him ;  
'Tis pity, but 'twas in my own defence.

## NORTHUMBERLAND.

I do believe it ; and, if that were needful,  
Would gladly stand your friend. Come on—

HENRY.

Not yet.

I go to change this garb.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Pray you, what next ?

Shall it be forester's green, or peasant's gray,  
Or Outlaw's steel-ringed jerken ?

HENRY.

Good my lord,

Mock not ! I'll none of them. Remember you  
A certain Knight that joined your northern stag-hunt ?

NORTHUMBERLAND.

I understand you. Go—and lose no time.

[*Exit* HENRY.]

[*Enter* LORD CLIFFORD.]

St George ! there have been stirrings here, my lord.  
I almost could believe me still on th' Border,  
Where skirmish 'twixt the Suthron and the Scot  
Creates no marvel. Where hath justice slept ?

LORD CLIFFORD.

In Barden Tower with me, I greatly fear.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Bravely confessed. This candour gives me courage

To charge your lordship further, as the cause,  
In some part, of these troubles.

LORD CLIFFORD.

How !

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Excuse me.

You did deny the means—

LORD CLIFFORD.

What means, my lord ?

My towers were open, and my tables free.

Aught else, sir, a poor Baron like myself—

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Well, well, no more. Broad lands in hill and dale,  
In chase and greenwood, and perchance some gold  
That hath not seen the sun of late, will make  
Fresh drafts on your exchequer needless. Come—

LORD CLIFFORD.

Indeed we're much beholden to your lordship.

But why not tell me of the part that 'scape-grace  
Bore in these doings ?

NORTHUMBERLAND.

I conceived it better

To let the hank unravel of itself,

At your judicial winding. And I had,  
Besides, a wish to note the interest  
Waked in my sister's bosom, for myself;  
And well your scrutiny did serve that wish.

LORD CLIFFORD.

Nay, now that was a cruelty, my lord,  
Which, had I been aware of it, you should not  
Have had the chance to practise.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Tush ! my sister  
Will thank me for it in a week. My brother,  
That is to be, would thank me for it now,  
Did he suspect it to be work of mine. [ *Exeunt.*

### SCENE V.

*The Library, as before. LADIES MARGARET and EMMA, with CATHLEEN, are discovered in earnest conversation (aside) with GREY, FENWICK, and RODDAM. To them enter D'ESTON, FARRAND, &c. from one side, and LORDS PERCY and CLIFFORD from the other.*

LORD CLIFFORD (*to a SERVANT behind*).

Bid them dismiss the prisoners. 'Tis just,

If we forgive the Head that moved the whole,  
To save the Hand that was impelled by it.

LADY MARGARET (*passionately*).

Then He is safe !

LORD CLIFFORD.

Lady, I know not that.

He hath so far disgraced his name and birth,  
Dishonoured so his breeding, that my duty  
Compels me to acquaint his Sovereign with it,  
And leave him in the royal hand.

LADY MARGARET.

O ! then

I pray you, take this ring. It was the gift  
Of England's lord to my unhappy father ;  
Nor hath it lost its virtue by the passage  
Through these poor hands. Have it conveyed to him,  
And should the King be stern, let him produce it,—  
It may, with Margaret Percy's prayer to aid it,  
Become a talisman to save him !

LORD CLIFFORD.

Lady,

His penance will be slight, thy zeal befriending,  
But keep the relic for another suit.

The monarch loves my Son, will, for his sake,  
O'erlook a fault or two—

LADY MARGARET.

O! will he use  
His influence, and make me his servant ever!

LORD CLIFFORD.

His WIFE, sweet Lady, was't not *that* you meant?

LADY MARGARET.

Hear me, Lord Clifford! I have due respect  
For *you*; and feel, I trust, sufficient sense  
Of th' honour you intend me; but—

LORD CLIFFORD (*to NORTHUMBERLAND*).

Odsfish!

How's this, my lord? Another trick of thine?

Come, come, no more of it. Dear Lady, trust

I am not in this business.

[*To a SERVANT.*

Tell my Son

To hasten hither. Thou shalt *see* him, Lady;

And then thy mind shall be at liberty

To choose or to reject him.

[*Enter HENRY.*

LADY MARGARET.

Brother, this

Hath been thy scheme, and Emma, thine, too. Well,  
I can forgive.

HENRY (*takes her hand and kneels*).

Here let me claim thy promise.

You see me as "at LINHOPE's wild cascade,  
Where the North saw her Chivalry."—I dare not  
Repeat the compliment; but here I am,  
Nor false, nor outlawed, yet a shepherd's son,  
The son of that good man, a Shepherd once,  
And my name HENRY, to which you may now  
Add that of CLIFFORD.

[*Leads her to LORD CLIFFORD.*

HENRY CLIFFORD begs

Thy pardon, and thy blessing!

NORTHUMBERLAND (*leading LADY EMMA to him*).

Good your lordship,

Bestow your blessing here, too.

RODDAM (*leading CATHLEEN to him*).

If a page

Might dare presume so far, I, too, would ask it.

LADY MARGARET.

No bolder spirit lives than thine, young Roddam,  
And honour were your meed in any rank.

LORD CLIFFORD.

This weakness o' the eye—well, well. [To HENRY.

Young sir,

I had roughdrawn a letter, to be laid  
Before the King, detailing these excesses,  
Which, now that all's forgiven, I will burn.

HENRY.

No, keep it, father. Lay it in the archives  
Of our old House. Perchance a future age  
May find it, and thence learn, that there was once  
A CLIFFORD who exemplified the truth—  
That 'tis a perilous experiment  
To raise a LAWLESS POWER, whate'er the end  
We mean to reach by it. 'Tis a machine  
Which he who made it, finds hard task to guide;  
But should he leave it, RASH or WICKED hands  
May seize the wheels, and urge their speed to RUIN!

[To the audience.

And now, if our kind judges deign to say  
That HENRY fairly hath acquitted him,  
The Outlaw and his gallant band will proudly  
And gratefully pursue their avocations,  
By nightly levying willing CONTRIBUTIONS!

THE END.

## NOTE.



FROM the length to which the Text has been unexpectedly extended, the honour is denied me of appending to the present work a List of its many kind and distinguished patrons. The same cause precludes the insertion of several Notes, prepared for its elucidation. I trust, however, that the Reader has met with little obscurity. The only local word I am aware of having used, is *Barghest*, which, according to the respected author of the "*Craven Dialect*," is derived from the *Belgic*, and means a sprite that haunts towns, and populous places.

The Rush-bearing, in the third Act, was an annual custom, now—since the introduction of flagged floors in churches—fallen into desuetude; though the festivities which accompanied it, are still continued in the yearly village *feasts*.

The song on Beaumont-Side appeared in my "Songs and Lyrical Poems," and has since been published, with music by Wood and Thirlwall.

A rough draft of a letter written by the Shepherd-lord to one of the privy-counsellors of Henry VIII, complaining of his son's conduct, was found among the family papers, and is printed by Dr. Whitaker in his History of Craven. This explains an allusion towards the end of the fifth Act.



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